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PRESIDENT COOLIDGE has the sympathy of the entire nation in the loss of his sixteen-year-old son. The tragedy is the keener because Calvin Coolidge, Jr., stood just on the threshold of manhood and because from the first there was so little that medical science could do. Death came with appalling suddenness. The boy had been playing lawn tennis, and a blister developed on one foot. Blood poisoning set in, and nothing could stem it. A son of the President is not more important than any other boy to those who love him, but as the holder of a high office is inevitably the subject of sharp criticism for his public acts, so also in his personal grief he is rightfully the recipient of that common sympathy which is one of the best growths of our gregarious modern society.

THE EDUCATION OF ANDREW MELLON continues. Secretary Mellon's own Treasury Department has just released a batch of figures dealing with the income-tax receipts in 1922. When Mr. Mellon announced his famous tax plan last December it included a provision reducing the maximum surtax from 58 to 25 per cent. Explaining this, Mr. Mellon asserted that 10 per cent was probably the highest productive tax rate. Anything higher, he said, drove wealth into tax-exempt securities, and thereby reduced the tax yield. It is true that much capital has escaped taxation by investment in tax-exempt securities, and *The Nation* has repeatedly expressed the hope that Congress would find a way to plug this hole in the tax-collector's bag. It is not true that the hole is so big and so obvious that high surtaxes defeat their own purpose. Mr. Mellon argued, throughout his campaign for lower surtaxes, that the number of millionaires—indeed, the number of incomes over $300,000—had steadily declined from 1916 to 1921 because of increasing investment in "tax-exempts." When Senator Couzens asked for the figures for 1922 the Secretary replied that they were not available. We have them now. The net income of persons reporting incomes over $300,000 jumped to $365,000,000 in 1922, as against only $153,000,000 in 1921; the number of incomes over $300,000 was 537 as against 246; the number of persons reporting million-dollar incomes was 67 as against 21. On these increased incomes the surtaxes will be paid, and the Treasury will profit by it.

IS HENRY FORD TEACHING CALVIN COOLIDGE about conditions in Europe? Mr. Ford will be remembered as the gentleman who said that "history is bunk" and then proceeded to prove it by inventing history that unquestionably was bunk. His most celebrated historical invention was the Jewish protocols, which depicted the malign efforts of the mythical Elders of Zion to rule the world. A more recent invention of his has not attained the notoriety which it deserves. Mr. Ford, or at least his *Dearborn Independent*, has discovered the cause of the bob-haired bandit's banditry, and, presumably, of Leopold and Loeb's sadism. It is all a part of the process of revolutionary recruiting. "By bold and boastful confession of the present rulers of Russia," this ingenious fiction-writer asserts, "it is known" that "the most expert criminals of the world, most of whom are now officials of Soviet Russia," regularly held up trains and robbed banks "for the purpose of recruiting the revolutionary treasury." Thus, he says, the soviet revolution was financed. Now our stupid American police, faced by an alarming crime wave, plug along in the conviction that these are mere ordinary crimes, whereas perhaps, not to say obviously, they are but "part of the operations of the Treasury Department of the World Revolution." This, we submit, shows that Henry Ford's inventive mind has not lost its edge since the first "Tin Lizzie" astonished a complacent world.

"AN AUTHORIZED SPOKESMAN for the President" is the pleasant cloak with which the Washington correspondents disguise their weekly interviews with the President. It has obvious advantages—for the President. An "authorized spokesman" can be disavowed; it is not necessary, if the President change his mind, to cry "liar" in the fashion of the late Theodore Roosevelt. The "authorized spokesman" this time had been disturbed by reports that Mr. Coolidge might feel disposed to recognize Russia after the election. The American Government, he


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said, is today further from recognition than it was six months ago. Russia, it seems, is still a land of horrors. Whether Mr. Ford, or that other bogyman, Charles Evans Hughes, LL.D., told the "spokesman" we do not know, but it seems that Russia is in a bad way. The crops are bad, the Government is bad, and business is bad. Worst of all, the Government is not helping the profiteers. It has, the "spokesman" asserts with horror, been guilty of "failure to take foreign trade out of the hands of the Government and place it under private control." Speculators have been punished, he reports, and the grisly old stalking-horse of "revolutionary propaganda in the United States" (financed by the bandits?) is solemnly trotted out of its stable. It sounds like the State Department reports of the imminent fall of the Bolsheviks in 1917, 1918, 1919, 1920, 1921, 1922, 1923, and presumably like its reports for decades to come.

MORE SINISTER MEANINGS, however, can be read between the lines of the "authorized spokesman." He made it plain enough that we were using our non-recognition as a weapon, attempting to force Russia to abandon government control and give private profit-seeking enterprise a freer chance to make money. The old slogans of the weakness of the Soviet Government and of revolutionary propaganda are still muttered, but without the air of conviction; the essential complaint is the plea for private profits. Another sinister paragraph "presumes" that France will show the same concern as the United States for private property-rights. This, coming on the heels of reports that Herriot was planning French recognition of Russia, is significant indeed. France owes us money and wants liberal treatment; and France knows how to take a diplomatic hint. This hint, however, does not exhaust the offensive role of our State Department. China and Russia recently negotiated a treaty of friendship, which included certain arrangements regarding the Russian Embassy in Peking and the Chinese Eastern Railroad in Manchuria. Promptly our bolshevik-eating Secretary of State got busy. The Powers, which had held the embassy in trust since the departure of the Kerensky representative, refused to surrender it; and Mr. Hughes protested against the railroad arrangement. He still stubbornly refuses to recognize the seven-year-old Government of Russia; he hints to France that she had better not recognize it; he tries to keep China and Russia from friendly relations—all this in the name of the United States. We call it dirty work.

RUMANIA HAS NATIONALIZED ITS OIL WELLS. It is a limited measure of nationalization, including a degree of compensation to former owners, but it cuts into the profits of the speculators who bought out the old German oil concessions in days when Rumania's future was uncertain. Our Mr. Hughes is indefatigably on the job. Witness this dispatch, which speaks for itself:

*Special to The New York Times.*

Washington, July 6.—Peter Augustus Jay, the American Minister at Bucharest, has been ordered back to this country to report on the oil situation in Rumania.

It was made clear that the diplomat had not been directed to sever his relations with the Rumanian Government. At the same time the officials indicated that the State Department wished to be fully informed as to the restrictions recently imposed upon American oil companies and therefore it was desirable that Mr. Jay report in person.

MEXICO HAS COMPILED a list of 350 isolated cases of Mexican citizens killed in our border States during the years 1915-21. The list, it is explained, is incomplete but typical. Together with claims for damages, including losses to commerce and the killing of several hundred Mexicans, during the occupation of Vera Cruz in 1914, this list will be presented to the Mexican-American Claims Commission which is about to meet in Washington. It is a healthy thing for a nation which throbs with front-page indignation whenever an American profiteer is shot in China or imprisoned in Mexico, to get acquainted with its own record in dealing with aliens. We seem totally to have lost the capacity to see ourselves as others see us. Claims like that of Mexico may help us to see the other side of the looking-glass. If Japan should really carry through the threatened boycott of American goods; if Soviet Russia should really enforce discriminations against citizens of countries which, like the United States, discriminate against her; if Italy and Poland and Argentina should force American travelers to undergo the kind of humiliations which we impose upon visitors to our shores, it would do us good. The minority of Americans who travel abroad has already learned to regret the high American visa fees, because European countries have properly retorted by charging Americans five times as much for their visas as they charge other people. When Americans abroad have enough such difficulties they will spread the news at home and, perhaps, promote a decenter attitude toward aliens here.

BANK CIRCULARS are always entertaining, and frequently instructive reading. The comments of the National City Bank on the discussion, apropos of the bonus, of the injustice of conscripting men, not capital, are particularly illuminating. "The right to call upon [the nation's] citizens for military service always has been recognized," the bank says, but "there is danger of governmental authority and management breaking down if extended. . . . Outside the field where military discipline is practicable and under conditions where millions of individuals are to be stimulated to unusual efforts, *financial rewards have been found to be the most effective means of obtaining results.*" In other words, business is business, even in war time. Conscript men, mobilize industry for the next war, but do not forget that although ordinary men will fight and die for nothing, business men won't even carry on as usual without their "financial rewards."

MR. GOMPERS, we are glad to note, refuses to be a catspaw in the attempt to ruin the workers' movment in Porto Rico. We commented recently on the union of the two old parties against the Socialists (with whom one of the old parties had been working) and their dispatch of a letter to Mr. Gompers urging him to depose Senator Iglesias as head of the American Federation of Labor of Porto Rico because Mr. Iglesias is also leader of the Socialists. The idea of breaking up the Socialist movement, which polled a fifth of the votes in the insular election of 1920 and is the chief hope of raising the degraded standard of living in the island to something approaching our own, emanated chiefly from John W. Weeks. The Secretary of War has had no time to ferret out the war grafters and is himself in a most compromising position in regard to two notorious frauds, but he has an abundance of leisure for

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helping his investment-banker friends to preserve medieval labor conditions in our colonies. Fortunately, though, Mr. Gompers has seen through the skilful attempt to use his anti-radical prejudices to undermine Senator Iglesias. In replying to the leaders of the Unionist-Republican alliance he declares his "absolute confidence in the integrity of Santiago Iglesias to serve the people of Porto Rico," adding that he cannot express "the same estimate of your . . . conduct."

"RECOGNIZING THAT AN INDUSTRY should assume responsibility to its workers with regard to employment and should bear the burden of the hazards of unemployment"—thus begins the significant clause of an agreement to enforce which the New York cloth hat and cap makers of New York City have just gone on strike. The workers in the garment trades are forcing their employers to stabilize and regularize their industry. In European countries the state has taken the lead in establishing unemployment insurance funds. In this country the Jewish workers have given the movement its drive. That industrial statesman, Sidney Hillman, president of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers, established unemployment insurance in his industry in Chicago; thence it spread to Rochester; and a rapid strike has just led to acceptance of the principle in New York City. The cap-makers have it in St. Paul and are introducing it in New York, and Governor Smith's mediation commission recommends further study of it for the ladies' garment industry. Some day the efficiency experts will wake up and discover their work being done by the unions.

TOO MANY SO-CALLED PEACE SOCIETIES reveal a disappointing flabbiness in war time. However admirable the sentiments they may have expressed in days of quiet, as soon as the guns begin to shoot their characteristic slogan is "No one can hate war more than I do, but ——." The English Peace Society was no exception. One may therefore interpret it as a sign of grace that it has just elected as its president such a man as Edward T. John. Its new head is a sturdy Welshman who was for some years a Liberal M.P., but is now one of the leaders of the Labor Party in the Principality. In his inaugural address Mr. John made the ingenious suggestion that the total expenditure upon armaments should be restricted to the proceeds of the super-tax, while the death duties should be exclusively devoted to the provision of an adequate sinking fund. Thus both the capital cost of past wars and the entire cost of present war preparations would be placed upon the broad shoulders of wealth, with the result that pacifism would rapidly become really fashionable. Too adroit a scheme, no doubt, but it is surely wholesome to emphasize the cost of war. Mr. John, who is one of the most persistent advocates of Home Rule for Wales, further predicted that if the Welsh people once acquired self-governing powers equal to those of the Irish Free State they would refuse to give any aid to war preparations.

SOMETIMES the much-abused technicalities of the law prove beneficent—even to a poor newspaper editor. Ernest Judet, editor of the *Eclair* of Paris, was tried last year on a charge of giving information to the enemy during the war. He was acquitted, but, as he had previously been a fugitive from justice, court costs of 53,000 francs, which his absence occasioned, were assessed against him, although he had returned voluntarily to face trial. Last month, on appeal, the court reduced the 53,000 francs to the more modest sum of 64 francs—an amount within even an editor's means, at least on pay day. In taking this action the learned judges held that, according to the niceties of the law, the expenses incurred because of Mr. Judet's absence from the country when the prosecution was begun meant only the cost of the ancient custom of sending a trumpeter to blow a loud brass summons outside of the last known address of the accused. We commend this simple and inexpensive technique to the American courts as superior to our method of issuing scores of papers to be served by gumshoe detectives. Its efficiency is attested by history, the Good Book assuring us that Joshua, with the sound of a trumpet, caused the wall of Jericho to "fall down flat." But perhaps our learned judges would object that this brass blast would sound too much like some of their decisions.

TERENCE V. POWDERLY died in Washington the other day almost unknown and forgotten. Forty years ago he was a power in American life. For fourteen years he was master workman of the Knights of Labor, leader, in his prime, of 700,000 organized workmen. Few labor leaders retain their leadership, like Samuel Gompers, into old age; most suffer the proverbial ingratitude of democracies. Powderly outlived his movement. Not many labor leaders today know his name; most would be surprised to hear that a Labor Party candidate had been thrice elected mayor of Scranton, as Powderly was in 1878, 1880, and 1882. Labor does not honor its past; labor papers are born and die whose editors never suspect that Boston had a labor daily in the sixties. The Knights of Labor gave way to the better organized and less vaguely idealistic Federation in the early nineties; Powderly took a government job and became a Republican Party orator—and the news of his death sounds like a moan from a musty encyclopedia.

IT IS REFRESHING to turn from a Washington of half-baked politicians and incompetent chair-warmers to a man in the government service who was a master of his craft, who because of his knowledge, his skill, and his dependability was leaned on and retained in office by administration after administration. Such was Alvey A. Adee, who has just died in harness after having served the Department of State since 1869—as its Second Assistant Secretary since President Cleveland appointed him to that post in 1886. Meanwhile showy men higher up have come and gone: men who made public speeches, got their photographs in the newspapers, and—came to Mr. Adee when they wanted to know something. Mr. Adee held himself aloof from partisan politics, and as a skilled linguist and a master of the detail of diplomacy he was invaluable alike to Democrats and Republicans. He was the recognized authority on international etiquette and usage, and was relied upon to put into final form important state papers. On several different occasions he was Acting Secretary of State. He was a type common abroad but almost unique in the upper posts of our own government—a permanent official who supplied the continuity between administrations. All this Mr. Adee did for a salary at the highest of $4,500 a year, while glorified office boys were receiving five times as much in the business world to sit in easy chairs and look important.

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# The Disintegrating Democrats

THE deadlock of the Democratic Convention has been far more significant than appears on its face. Even the most superficial observers have seen that the struggle went much further than the rivalry of two men and that Mr. McAdoo's cry that it was a renewal of the old contest between Wall Street and the progressives of the Democratic Party was beside the mark. Wall Street, as we have repeatedly pointed out, *is* bitterly hostile to Mr. McAdoo and ardently opposes him wherever it can. But there is much more to the struggle than this. The real revelation of the convention is after all the growing contest and antagonism within the party which leads one to wonder whether it is not the Democratic Party rather than the Republican which will be the first to collapse. It is easy to assume that the party of Coolidge and Harding, and of Borah, Norris, and La Follette will disintegrate first because of the never-ceasing progressive ferment within its ranks; but what has happened in New York makes one believe that the process of disintegration is even further along among the Democrats.

It is true, of course, that in certain States the Democratic Party is already virtually dead—Minnesota, for instance; Wisconsin, and North Dakota. There its failure to identify itself with agrarian reform, to make the cause of the farmer its own, has reduced it to the condition of the Republican Party in Florida or Mississippi. These are, none the less, local phenomena. What Madison Square Garden has been registering is the cleavage of the party along graver lines. *The Nation* from its earliest days has stressed the fact that there is little hope of making a really progressive party out of the Democracy as long as it is tied up with the South. Mr. Wilson achieved much and gave the party a forward-looking program, yet his experiment lasted hardly long enough for him to prove that the South could be held in line for really progressive social policies—its hostile attitude on child labor is suggestive enough. Again, there is the clash between the Catholic part of the Democracy, particularly strong in the large cities, and the bigotedly Protestant members of the party North, South, East, and West. Then there is the conflict between the "wet" cities and the "dry" countryfolk. The opposition to Governor Smith by no means related solely to his religion—the delegates from New England and Middle Western States saw in him not merely a Catholic but a "wet," and more than that a member of Tammany Hall. When we enter the economic field the explanation of the growing lukewarmness of the party in the matter of tariff reform is clearly enough found in the rapid industrialization of the South. Where there are factories in large numbers there is always a belief that the government should regularize profits by means of tariff wars. No one can deny the growing clash of interest between the farmers and the manufacturers.

Whether these differences are reconcilable remains to be seen. We cannot quite follow our distinguished staff contributor, Hendrik van Loon, in his suggestion that we may be witnessing the birth of a Catholic Party in America. If that is to come to pass it is still some distance off—may the day never arrive! But as the power of the local organizations in the great cities grows there can be no doubt that Catholic influence will similarly increase. Tammany Hall was never so well intrenched or on such good terms with the national leaders of the party as today, and George Brennan of Chicago, the Catholic leader of the Democracy in that city, is rapidly becoming a dominant factor. To keep such a diversified party with such conflicting interests alive and united might well tax the genius of really great leaders. It becomes almost impossible when in addition to the lack of outstanding leadership there are no real principles to differentiate the party from its chief rival.

Some of these causes of the cleavage in the Democratic Party apply equally to the Republican. The latter is, for instance, not united on the question of prohibition. But that is only another reason why the two older parties should fuse at an early date. Many reactionaries, like Mr. Frank A. Munsey, are already admitting that there is no longer sufficient difference between them to keep them apart. What we need, as *The Nation* has so often pointed out, is a new alignment, a new division along the lines of progress and those of conservatism. What count now are economic issues, not the purely political; and this not only in America but all over the world. The La Follette convention had earnestness and vigor and life because it had clear-cut economic views and desires, not strikingly radical ones, by any means, but sufficiently advanced to make its deliberations contrast extraordinarily with the lifelessness of the Democratic and Republican conventions. Those parties are tied to the past, to the dead past, and no honest and intelligent observer of their gathering could feel else than that they needed some revolution to reinvigorate them, to give them a purpose and a program. They must clean their Augean stables; men must come to the front inspired by something more than mere office-seeking or office-broking. Those who are alarmed by the arrival of a third party and desire the continuance of the two-party system should use their utmost efforts to bring about a union between what is left of the Democratic and Republican machines. There would then be two genuinely opposed parties.

It is our earnest belief that the coming campaign will take us far along in this direction. Party ties sit more lightly upon the electorate than ever before in our history. Multitudes will leave the Democratic Party because of the record made in this last convention, some because they are outraged by the failure to denounce the Klan by name, others because of their disappointment in the defeat of Governor Smith, still others because of the conflict of interests and aims. So far from opposing the coming of the La Follette movement, the older parties ought to welcome it. Heaven knows they need the stimulus of its existence! They ought to be taught that the masses will no longer swallow the old bait; that the name of a party no longer has in itself the power to conjure personal allegiance. If that lesson can be driven home by the election, if millions of votes can be piled up for Mr. La Follette and the cause for which he stands, we may expect to see such a wreck of the Democratic Party, at least, as will make it either seek a new birth or transfer its fragments to its old rival, between which and it there exists today not a single fundamental difference, not a single consistent variation in principle.

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# Forty Years Ago

THE present Democratic Party looks back enthusiastically to its resurrection forty years ago, when Grover Cleveland was nominated and elected. It is surprising to thumb over the platform of 1884 and discover how vividly it emphasizes issues which are thrown in our faces in the declarations of this year 1924. The corruption of the Republican Party and the reduction of war taxes are given as prominent a place in the platform of 1884 as in that of 1924. There had been an era of unexampled graft and fraud during the previous decade of Republicanism, and this was the best ammunition of the Democrats forty years ago as it is likely to be in the present campaign. One reads in the platform of 1884:

> The frauds and jobbery which have been brought to light in every department of the Government are sufficient to have called for reform within the Republican Party; yet those in authority, made reckless by the long possession of power, have succumbed to its corrupting influence, and have placed in nomination a ticket against which the independent portion of the party are in revolt.

Yet despite such similarities in the platforms of 1884 and 1924 there are greater differences. The most outstanding one is the increased importance of economic issues. More than half of this year's Democratic platform relates to economic questions, beginning with the tariff and taxation and going on to agricultural relief, the railroads, Muscle Shoals, the deflation policy of the Federal Reserve Board, reclamation, conservation, highways, mining, the merchant marine, inland waterways, flood control, the improvement of navigation, the enforcement of anti-monopoly laws, corporate regulation, the treatment of labor, and child welfare. Turn from this formidable list to the platform of 1884 and one finds there scarcely half a dozen slight declarations on economic topics. Taxes and tariff are present; like the poor, we have them always with us, and perhaps our unwillingness to do anything adequate about either is one reason why the poor are likely to remain with us.

But beyond tariff and taxation there is little of an economic nature in the platform of 1884. There is a vague reference to the merchant marine (forty years has not made this more coherent). There is a declaration against "sumptuary laws." There is a statement favoring a stable currency. The only inland waterway that the Democrats of 1884 could envisage was the Mississippi River, and apart from favoring its improvement the platform is silent on the subject. Railroads are mentioned only in connection with a vigorous denunciation of the Republicans for having given to them most of the public lands. It is interesting how this great question of the disposition of government land has now almost ceased to be an issue, most of the land having long since been recklessly disposed of. In place of public lands to give away, we now are obliged to turn our attention to reclamation and conservation—matters then undreamed of. Striking also is the absence in the platform of forty years ago of vivid concern over the growth of corporate power. Although one finds a sentence favoring whatever "will tend to the equitable distribution of property, to the prevention of monopoly, and to the strict enforcement of individual rights against corporate abuses," the declaration concludes with a pious assertion that "the welfare of society depends upon a scrupulous regard for the rights of property as defined by law." Nothing more.

The phrase "child welfare" would hardly have been understood in 1884, and although the declarations of the Democratic platform on labor in 1924 are unsatisfactory and inconsequential, those of 1884 were even more hesitant and meaningless. "We favor the repeal of all laws restricting the free action of labor, and the enactment of laws by which labor organizations may be incorporated, and of all such legislation as will tend to enlighten the people as to the true relations of labor and capital," said the platform of 1884.

Yes, the Democratic platform of this year presents a striking contrast to that of forty years ago in its recognition of the importance of economic issues; in that way it is abreast of the times. But although it recognizes these issues, it proposes little that is vital or progressive toward their solution. There the Democrats are almost as palsied and fearful as the Republicans. For anything hopeful in this direction we must turn away from both old parties toward the forces that are gathering under La Follette.

# The Greatest Power in the World

THE British in India are faced with an enemy stronger and more baffling than all the armies of Christendom, an enemy that is wholly immune to machine-guns and cannot be held behind bars. Their enemy is a power of human personality so direct and simple that the subtleties of governmental policy do not touch it, so flaming and fanatical that violence and physical force are weak in its presence. It can be likened to the faith that sent the early Christians singing to a ghastly death, or the Quakers to persecution and exile. Government departments—especially colonial offices—find it extremely difficult to believe in this sort of power and impossible to understand or deal with it.

In India the effect of Mahatma Gandhi's leadership has been much more than the development of a clever technique of passive resistance to unjust authority—the weapon of a weak people. He has worked a psychological miracle. To a people of rather unstable nervous disposition, mystical and brooding and easily swayed, he has brought integration and strength. Unlike most radical leaders and with a wisdom beyond political expediency, he has as far as possible left the roots of the people undisturbed in the customs and religion that have nourished them. And he has made his revolution grow out of these roots. Where mass movements in the Western world deal largely in gestures of violence and in the outward manifestations of solidarity and independence, in the Indian Nationalist movement a process of inner regeneration keeps step with the progress of outer rebellion.

In recent issues of *The Nation* we have described the amazing development of the Akali struggle which has combined a fight against corruption and the dominance of British influence in the sect itself with a strong Nationalistic opposition. We have printed the story of the Jathas, processions of unresisting, unarmed men—India's fighting men—marching to possess their sacred grounds and the shrines of their faith, and falling dead by hundreds before the guns and clubs of the British defenders of order and property.

An even more impressive spectacle is the present

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movement among the Hindu passive resisters to override and abolish the caste restrictions which have held men apart even in the Nationalist ranks. For many years in the common struggle caste lines have been growing less sharp; but the vast class of "untouchables" has stood as a mocking symbol of the slow growth of Indian democracy. The untouchables are the lowest caste in the Hindu community. They may be degraded and ignorant; they may be educated professional men. In either case they are confronted with a system of restrictions and taboos to which they must submit. There are streets they may not walk through, offices they may not fill, acts of submission they must perform. And all forms of social intercourse are prohibited with members of the higher caste, who will not even touch their humble brothers. Gandhi has always opposed this separation although it is obvious that an actual change in practice yould involve a social upheaval as profound as the Russian Revolution.

A beginning has been made, however, and as usual the power of British authority is on the side of the old order, in spite of a formal opposition to the caste system which has brought no actual change in all the years of British control. The movement to end the stigma of untouchability has developed inside the ranks of the higher-caste Hindu passive resisters. These young revolutionaries deliberately broke the sacred taboos. The consequences are described by C. F. Andrews, whose remarkable letters appear in the *Manchester Guardian* and the New York *World:*

> The young high-caste Hindus with their untouchable fellow-countrymen endeavored to enter the public street which leads to the Vaikom Temple. The police intervened and arrested them. At their trial they pleaded guilty of attempting to break down the barrier of untouchability. . . . They were sent to prison with six months' imprisonment each.
>
> Others immediately took their place, and these were in turn arrested. . . . But when the stream of those who were eager to court imprisonment appeared to be continuous the state government authorities suddenly changed their mode of procedure. They barricaded the road and left a police guard to prevent anyone from getting over. This was immediately answered by a hunger-strike on the part of those who were endeavoring to enter the prohibited area. At the end of the day six of the passive resisters fainted. They had remained in the blazing sun uncovered and had refused to take either water or food. The news of this was cabled throughout the length and breadth of India. Mahatama Gandhi telegraphed at once: "Omit fasting; but stand or sit in relays with quiet submission till arrested." His order was immediately obeyed, and the deadlock still continues. The police continue to keep guard; the passive resisters continue to offer themselves for arrest. . . . Already the patience and forbearance of the passive resisters has had its effect upon the Brahmins not merely in Vaikom but in every part of India where their privileged position had been acknowledged.

If the fight against slavery in the United States had been born among the slave-owning aristocrats of the South, if they had submitted to arrest and faced death to make their black brothers free and equal, we would have something like an American parallel to this movement in India. But the Indian movement is even more impressive since the power of religious dogma stands back of the social and economic interests involved. As we watch the effort for equality and human happiness grow and flower under the whip of oppression and foreign dominance, and as we watch it droop in the countries able to dominate and oppress, we sometimes feel that the best fate we could ask for a nation would be the tempering and wisdom that comes from failure and long endurance.

# Exit

THE retirement of Brander Matthews from the professorship of dramatic literature at Columbia University rings down the curtain on an interesting drama in the history of American education. His appointment, a generation ago, brought to Columbia an impressive element of that quality which was in time to make it the most worldly of the universities. As an undergraduate, he has told in his memoirs, he read the Greek and Latin dramatists without once having it impressed upon him that they ever wrote for the stage. But he had gone into the world and had come into close touch with the theater and with journalism. He had polished his French by conversations with Coquelin and had begun the studies which made him the first American expert in the modern French stage; in England he had been associated with a brilliant period of the *Saturday Review* and had been forced to define his own Americanism by becoming aware of it against a British background. Called to his professorship, he glittered on his city campus, a wit among the scholars, though also a scholar himself. He was enough of a pioneer to do battle for international copyright and for simplified spelling, to stress in all seasons the need and advantage of the study of American literature, and to point out, perhaps in too many seasons, that literature and plays are not the same thing. Now that he is retiring, though he leaves no single professor quite equal to taking up his full task, he leaves many in many universities who are engaged in it.

His attitude toward the stage is typical of his whole career, and of its influence. All the smart young playwrights, said some one a decade or so ago, were "brandered by the same Matthews." From him they learned to distrust closet dramas, the bastards in blank verse and unwieldy acts and scenes which pretended to the throne of literature in an unpropitious time; learned to study the tricks and devices of the actual stage and to think in terms of audience and box office. Professor Matthews, and his followers after him, liked the "well-made play," and they, if not he, made it a fetish. Such a program was tempting, particularly so long as there was a contemporary dearth of plays which had any real literary merit. It fortified the playwrights and critics in their instinct to see a necessity as a virtue. The plays of his earlier years as a professor could not be read, but some of them could be played; it seemed therefore the part of wisdom to examine them not as masterpieces but as theater-pieces. When later a new age of drama dawned, the followers of Professor Matthews were some of them not ready for it. They kept on talking about Pinero when there was a Shaw to talk about.

To put it briefly, Professor Matthews came upon the stage of American education at a time when the drama to have depth was expected to have dulness. He helped to banish dulness, but he also helped to bring it to the surface, to make it alert. That is no longer all the drama needs. It must, as it lately shows a tendency to do, find its depths again. His influence will have been most useful if it proves to have made it more difficult for drama to be dull.

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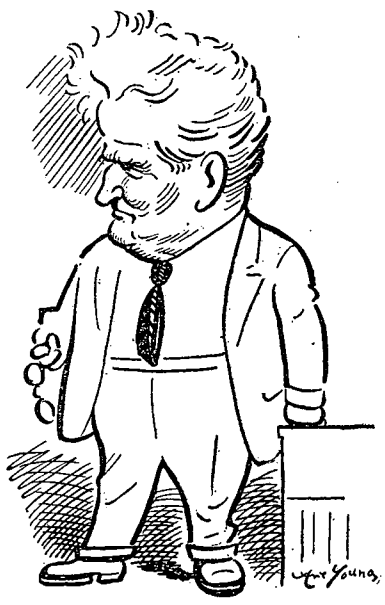
# An Honest Convention

By OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

*Cleveland, July 6*

FOR President: Robert M. La Follette. Twelve hundred delegates to this Convention for Progressive Political Action and nine thousand spectators have ratified this nomination with an enthusiasm so earnest, so spontaneous, so sincere that the most callous metropolitan correspondents have recorded the proceedings with complete respect and also, be it gratefully recorded, with complete fidelity to the truth. So the man from Wisconsin, hated, despised, abused, and derided; the man whom some of his associates tried six years ago to drive out of the Senate as a pacifist and pro-German, has received the highest compliment which could be paid to him short of the Presidency itself. Moreover, no one could survey the group assembled here and not feel that the honor was a far greater one than if it had come from the Republican or Democratic party. Here were no political bosses, no ward heelers, no Harry Daughertys, no Tom Taggarts, and no Henry Cabot Lodges—just twelve hundred plain people come together under labor-union auspices to take their stand and say: "God helping us, we can do no other—if we would keep our self-respect and be true to our Americanism."



*The Senator*

The spirit of it all could not but impress. There was no such hysteria, no such wild and passionate singing of hymns, no such outbursts of rage, and no such delirious enthusiasm as marked the Roosevelt Progressive convention of 1912. There were moments when this convention was exceedingly tame, yes, dull. It lacked the presence of a magnetic leader; there was less of the revivalist meeting about it than might have been expected. But these delegates knew what they wanted and whom they wanted. They brought with them—the bulk of them—a profound loyalty to Robert La Follette and a quiet determination which in the long run ought to mean more than the high tide of political passion which surged about the popular but self-seeking leader of 1912, only to subside utterly when he detached himself from it four years later. True, many of these railroad brotherhood delegates still long to vote for William G. McAdoo—grateful memories of what he did to improve their conditions of living when Director General of Railways block their understanding of the gravity of the scandals which have lately become associated with his name. But the bulk of the delegates—all of those outside of the brotherhoods—came to give their whole-souled allegiance to Robert La Follette, and were quite willing that he and his friends should run the convention. They were interested in what he had to say to them, but he might have said varying and different things, for these men and women represented a conscious craving for something else than the self-seeking and hypocrisy and prostitution of the two old parties. They were not asking how few they were or how many, or how rich or how poor. They were there to protest; to give proof of their belief that a way can be found out of the thraldom of the American electorate to two corrupt and debased political machines, a way by which the electorate can record its positive wishes instead of being eternally compelled to reprobate the party in power only by putting out one set of scoundrelly politicians and putting in an even more rascally lot.

This gathering was not even a cross-section of the whole labor movement. Only one colored man sat in that large audience, and in no sense did the women play the part that should have been theirs. The embattled farmers were but sparsely represented—as Senator Frazier put it, they are "broke" and could not come. Only one or two representatives of the liberal intelligentsia who are ready to fight the people's battles hand in hand with labor were allowed to reach the speakers' platform. Yet for all this, the convention stirred one's faith in democracy. Coming as I did from the stupid exhibition of the Democratic convention, it was like entering green fields and pastures new. It seemed impossible that this was the same hall in which only three weeks ago man after man had stood up and lied so wantonly and so impiously about the Republican Party and its Calvin Coolidge as to make one wonder why the roof did not fall upon them all. Sincerity, earnestness, honesty—these were the qualities which ruled this protestant convention. Other qualities might have been helpful, too. But here was the search for truth which makes men free; here was a refusal to remain longer in bondage to a dead and festering past; here was the ambition to lead and to find new ways to serve. And so those who beheld, even when they were there for reasons of duty alone, were compelled to respect when they could not sympathize. Not one newspaper man present, so far as I am aware, tried to poke fun or to ridicule or to distort. The usual references to the "wild-eyed and long-haired fanatics" are in the editorial pages but not in the news columns.

La Follette's convention it was, of course, ready to obey his slightest wish. People said it was steam-rollered. Yes, undoubtedly. But what relief after Madison Square Garden to find leadership and a clear-cut program; to find a definite job done in a definite way! Moreover the steam-rollering was not for ulterior purposes, but to expedite business. It did not choke off debate altogether, and the resolutions committee went beyond the La Follette platform in the resolutions that it reported—one resolution, offered from the floor, was overwhelmingly adopted. There might well have been more debate on the platform, but the net result was far beyond expectations. There were rocks and reefs in sight at the beginning upon which this new political craft might have been wrecked or torn its bottom out. Indeed, the first day it looked as if it would be impossible

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to avoid striking one or two shoals, yet the convention ended with a harmony and satisfaction that gratified everybody. True, there was great disappointment that the convention itself was not allowed to nominate the Vice-President from the floor; the choice was left to "Bob" and the National Committee. Though there was considerable feeling that if the convention had left anything more to Robert La Follette it would have stultified itself, the final belief was that more had been achieved and more easily than was to have been expected when the delegates representing such varied groups and opinions first assembled.

There were the Socialists, for instance. It looked for a time as if they would not agree to La Follette's proposal to defer the organization of a third party until later and to run as an independent. There were many ardent Socialists who felt that this was abandoning their party and its principles; that it meant giving up all that they had been able to hold on to after the war-wreck of their party. Yet the necessary sacrifice for the sake of advancing the liberal cause and of recognizing the leadership of Robert La Follette was forthcoming. It was a memorable event to see Morris Hillquit standing up to announce the adherence of his party to what may really spell the end of the organized Socialist Party in the United States. Of course, there will be those to ask maliciously what becomes now of the class struggle, and to gibe at the Marxians for striking hands with the bourgeoisie. But it seemed to most of us who observed it an extraordinary piece of political wisdom and selfless patriotism. The tremendous ovation which Morris Hillquit received showed clearly enough that the delegates realized the significance of the sacrifice which the Socialists were making in behalf of a united liberal front. The Farmer-Labor Party, too, fell in line, and when it became evident that the Ku Klux Klan issue was not to be brought up, the success of the meeting was assured. While I myself feel that it would have been better for the convention to have taken a position on the Ku Klux Klan, not merely because it would have meant hundreds of thousands of votes for the ticket, particularly in New York, but for moral reasons as well, the leaders took the position that the situation in Cleveland was unlike that facing the older parties. They were founding a new movement, not speaking for an organization which, like the Democratic Party in the South and the Republican in Indiana, is at death grips with the Klan organization at various points. Moreover, the leaders wanted nothing done that would detract from a realization in the country that this movement concerns itself primarily with economic evils and secondarily with Mr. La Follette's candidacy. This argument may be sound. It does not apply, however, to the convention's inexcusable failure to advocate the recognition of Russia.

*Morris Hillquit—Socialist*

The unity achieved here is all the more remarkable because it cannot be said that the message which Robert La Follette sent to the convention was a forward-looking economic document. It had fine passages and was admirably read by Robert M. La Follette, Jr., in his first public appearance, but embodied no new economic ideas. It seemed to many of us that it was harking back a long way to return to the enforcement of the Sherman anti-trust act and to call for the criminal prosecution of those who indulge in monopoly or trade agreements. Our economic and industrial situation has gone far beyond the imprisonment of a few trust heads and the dissolution of a few more trusts so that their individual parts may wax greater than ever by arriving at the same result in other ways. We cannot return to the era of small businesses if we would. It would have been far more effective had the Senator confined his statement to two foolscap sheets of typewriting and put in the forefront one or two of his planks, such as the government ownership of all water-power and superpower undertakings, and government ownership of railroads. These are the planks of which Wall Street is really afraid; they are the weapons with which the defenses of the enemy may most rapidly be breached and entered. But Mr. La Follette's form of expression is always lengthy and he has to fight in this way—with what effectiveness our readers may judge as they ponder upon the extraordinary return to political favor of a man who was a greater social and political leper during the war than even Ramsay MacDonald himself. La Follette is what he is, and the convention thanked God for him, and put off the forming of a new party until next January to oblige him. Everybody felt that the need of the hour was to build at once around this man's candidacy, to use it as a test of the extent of the popular dissatisfaction and the public's readiness for a liberal advance, to make him the rallying point for the millions who desire a better and nobler and juster America and then, out of the enthusiasms engendered by the campaign, to lay the cornerstone of a third party.

The whole fight over whether the convention should build a party now or later seemed to me to be splitting hairs except in the case of the Socialists, where there was so much at stake. In the coming campaign the various dissenting groups will be welded together by State campaign committees; those groups will learn to know and to respect one another, and win a sense of comradeship and a solidarity which can come only out of the heat of an electoral battle jointly risked and jointly borne. By November there will be a machinery created ready at hand if it is to be made permanent after the method of the older party organizations. And if it is then decided not to weld it into a rigid political form there will still remain an enormous body of enthusiasm, great cohorts of men and women inspired by the sense of fighting unselfishly the economic battles of all. That is the priceless thing which liberals are going to gain from the candidacy of Robert La Follette.

Some of the speeches were indubitably dull, but there were several notable utterances. Peter Witt stirred the audience in high degree by his passionate appeal for a new dispensation, by his caustic references to the war that was to safeguard democracy and not only did not safeguard it here, but so gravely jeopardized our liberties and rights and put back democracy for decades. There is a man for you; there is one of Tom Johnson's boys who has not sold his soul for political office like other sons of Cleveland and Ohio. Then Mrs. Harriot Stanton Blatch most effectively

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gave us the link with the past and the woman's message which the occasion demanded, while William Pickens, himself a brilliant Negro graduate of Yale, brought to the convention a message from last week's Philadelphia convention of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People to the effect that the colored man is beginning to see that his hope and his future do not lie with Democrats or Republicans, but with the new alignment in which labor, both colored and white, in true and united brotherhood, must bear the brunt of the fighting. Then came the most thrilling touch of all. Max Swerin, a student of the University of Chicago, came forward to offer a resolution which the Chairman did not wish to entertain lest it open the gates to a flood of additional resolutions more or less extraneous. Mr. Swerin asked that the convention censure that precious bit of Prussianism and militarism, the coming mobilization day on September 12. His courage and eloquence overbore points of order, cries of "sit down" and "shut up," the hesitancy of the Chairman to let him speak on. Without the aid of the amplifier he made the delegates and the galleries hear—I saw the galleries flash into united applause when he declared that he made his appeal against this preparation for and incitement to the next war, this effort to militarize the spirit of the country, on behalf of the youth of America. He won his fight. His resolution of censure adopted by the delegates will go to John W. Weeks as the expression of as earnest and fine a body of American men and women as were ever brought together under a convention roof, and so superior to the puppets of John W. Weeks's party as to make them seem of a different tribe, if not of a different people.

What lies before the new party in this campaign? Who can answer? A myriad factors will enter into the struggle. Much depends upon the outcome of the Democratic Convention, much upon the progress of events. Astoundingly optimistic this group is; the number of States carried in conversation here is amazing. I would make only one prophecy: The size of the La Follette vote will astound the country, and by fall the professional politicians will be taking the movement so seriously as to concentrate their fire upon it. The rest is on the laps of the gods. The greatest hope that I have is based on the fact that, unlike the Roosevelt Progressive Party, this movement has come from underneath, out of the ranks of labor, from those men and women who are among the worst exploited of our countrymen.

# That Man La Follette

(The Nation's *Weekly Washington Letter*)

By WILLIAM HARD

THIS writer takes a most special pleasure in pointing out to his readers that he has been right all along in saying that Robert Marion La Follette is not a modernistic or futuristic or cubistic statesman.

William Z. Foster, head of the Communist Workers Party in America, agrees with this writer on this point.

Mr. Foster came to Cleveland to see the La Follette convention there last week. A doorkeeper, recognizing him, would not let him into the hall even as a spectator. He retired to a hotel. This writer happened upon him in the lobby. "What did you think of the La Follette message to the convention?" said this writer.

This writer, if he may be permitted for a moment to express his own view of that message, wishes to say that he thought the main burden of it splendid. He thought it splendid because it contained nothing but the antique.

It said, in sum, that all would be well in the United States if only we would all desist from conspiracies in restraint of trade and would all compete with one another without conspiracies leading to monopolies. Adam Smith could have done no better.

This writer, being an infatuated individualist, applauded heartily.

He applauded particularly heartily because La Follette's message was delivered to the convention so superbly by La Follette's son, Bob, junior.

That young man has his father's fire along with a comfortable amused humor which his father, if he has it, keeps carefully concealed within the recesses of his most intimate family life.

Young Bob captivated the convention. He read with such spirit! He smiled with such charm! He was the perfect picture of youth as gallantry and as fun.

He could have got many votes in the convention if he had announced himself as a candidate for Vice-President on the ticket of La Follette and La Follette.

Yes, this writer liked that message.

He admits that in the course of it La Follette indorsed the Wisconsin State Republican platform, which approves public ownership of water-power and which also approves government ownership of railroads as "the only final solution of the transportation problem."

He admits further that Oswald Garrison Villard approves government ownership of railroads not only as the final but as the immediate solution of the transportation problem.

He notes, however, that public ownership of public utilities—such as water-power and railroads—is thoroughly consistent with the highest and most active individualism in industry itself, that is, in all manufacturing and merchandising.

He notes further that it can be—and, of course, is—claimed for public ownership of public utilities that through providing an absolutely neutral and impartial service of transportation and of power it will actually stimulate individualism in industry.

He hopes it may. He certainly sees clearly that La Follette hopes it may.

In fact, he contends that it is perfectly clear from La Follette's message to the Cleveland convention that in the mass of working life—that is, in all working life outside of the relatively narrow area of the public utilities—La Follette is not only an individualist but an intense and aggressive individualist.

His key sentence was: "To break the power of the private monopoly system over the economic and political

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life of the American people is the one paramount issue of the 1924 campaign."

But how break it?

By transforming the private monopoly power into a public monopoly power?

Not at all.

How break it? By enforcing—says La Follette—the criminal as well as the civil sections of the anti-trust laws.

Well, the criminal sections exist. Who can maintain that sections which exist, of a law which exists, should not be enforced?

La Follette's central proposition in this campaign, really, if one cares to put it that way, is simply law enforcement.

(Wayne B. Wheeler and Gifford Pinchot, when you go to the polls, do your duty! Sherman wrote a law, as well as Volstead.)

So that's that. La Follette's principal stand in 1924 is on the Sherman law of 1890.

Note now, however, the charming gap between the temper of La Follette and the temper of his various and different followers.

His followers in the Cleveland convention adopted a platform in which they demanded (among other things) that "a direct route from the farm producer to the city consumer" should be provided through the creation of "a government marketing corporation."

This would mean that the government would come along and buy an egg or a cabbage from a farmer and convey it "direct" (with the well-known directness of all governmental operations) to the wife of the workingman in her city kitchen.

A nice broad sweeping idea! But does it occur, does anything like it occur, in La Follette's long comprehensive message to the Cleveland convention?

It certainly does not, and, in fact, the contrary of it occurs. The utmost play that La Follette in his message gives to the government in relation to the farmer is that the government should "aid" the farmer to organize and develop a "national cooperative marketing system"; and then La Follette immediately describes that system in the following two phrases:

One. "Under the control of the farmers themselves";

Two. "Free from interference by the government or its agencies."

"Free from interference!"

Dear fellow-citizen, you who are supporting La Follette, if you think that La Follette will lead you into a bureaucratic heaven where the government will wipe your nose and pin a rose on you all the time, you are grossly deceiving yourself.

William Z. Foster is not deceived. He is a good socialistic, communistic, governmentalistic, bureaucratic person. "How did you like it?" said this writer to him.

Mr. Foster said: "The La Follette message is the most reactionary document of the year."

Sure! It will be equally despised by the Russian Soviet Republic and the United States Steel Corporation. They are modern. This backward-looking writer liked it pretty well.

# The Agony of the Democrats

By HENDRIK WILLEM VAN LOON

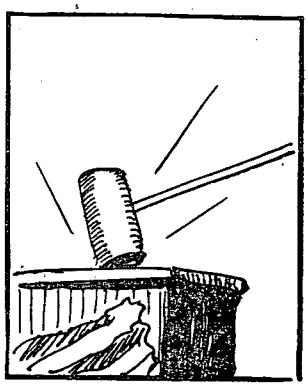
*Madison Square Garden, Monday, July 7*

THE Western Union and Postal Telegraph have provided us with a liberal supply of free writing paper. I shall steal some and try to keep a running diary of what is happening or about to happen. I hope that this is the last day, for I am about ready to quit. It is beginning to be lonely in the press gallery.

This morning I met a man who is in the Undertakers' Supply Business. I said to him: "What in Heaven's name are you doing here?" "Well," he answered, "it is this way. I used to be a newspaper man. But when Munsey spoiled our job I went in for business and I have done quite nicely so far. But I still know the game and six of my friends are sick. Just down and out from this show. I am doing their stint for them. On carbons. Six at a time. They doctor it up a bit and send it out as their own stuff. Fine idea. Isn't it?"

There is more truth than poetry in this merry statement. Many people have been taken ill, and no doubt it is the air. I notice that ten minutes or so after you get to the Garden the bronchial tubes begin to show signs of distress. After half an hour the discomfort turns into a very unpleasant pain. A ride on top of a bus will remove the complaint. All the same I am convinced that a cubic inch of Garden air on the morning of the twelfth day would contain enough bugs to keep all the Rockefeller Institute men happy for the rest of their natural lives.

In this atmosphere we sit and take ballots. I have lost count. All I know is that we are taking ballots. When a ballot has been taken Chairman Walsh takes his little hammer and plays woodpecker. "Peck . . . peck . . . peck," with fine regular intervals, "peck . . . peck . . . peck. The total number of delegates present is umtedee. The total number of votes necessary for nomination is umtedoodle. None of the candidates having obtained the necessary number of votes the clerk will now call the roll." Then the clerk gets up and reels off: "Alabama umptedoo votes." Then from the floor of the convention comes a shrill voice (or a gruff voice, or a woman's voice, or a kid's voice): "Aalabam umptedan votes for Toodledoodle!" There is a faint clapping of hands. A bum in the gallery howls: "Toodledoodle oiiiil. . . ." The Chairman asks the visitors to remember that they are gentlemen. There is



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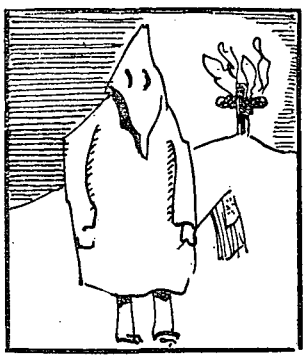
loud laughter. The clerk reads: "Arkansas, umpteding votes." Then from the floor of the convention comes a shrill voice (or a gruff voice, or a woman's voice, or a kid's voice): "Arkansaw casts umptedong votes for Blah-Blah!" There is a faint clapping of hands. A bum in the gallery howls, . . . etc., etc. Convention without end! World without end! O Lord, deliver us from this plague! . . . "California, wah-wah votes." From the floor of the convention. . . .

The Lord does not answer our prayers. California is actually casting votes for some one or other. I look around for moral support. But the other trained seals are gone. They have done their little job. They have written their seven or eight articles as per contract. By this time they are after other fish in more pleasant waters. Their seats have been taken by those Tammany henchmen who think that they are doing the cause of true religious liberty some good by howling down the friends of McAdoo. It is a strange world. Brother Smith, supported by New England Calvinists, standing as the champion of tolerance in a hall packed with the camp-followers of Tammany, professional Irish, red-faced and blatant, giving a fine display of that dull obstinacy which goes by the name of "loyalty to the Chief"; rowdies; pickpockets; the flying army forever at the disposal of a New York ward boss; a motley crowd of overfed young roughnecks, in trick clothes and dinky straw hats, friends of the doorkeepers, who say: "Sure, Mickey, you are a nice fellow. You don't need a ticket. Go right in and make yerself at home and don't forget Al."

They are not forgetting Al. Nor will Al ever forget them. In years to come he will look back upon this episode in his life when he was mighty near the front entrance of a certain house on F Street, Washington, D. C., and when his friends in sheer exuberance of good Hibernian feeling dug a neat little grave and dumped their hero into it with the full benefit of that clergy which is present in such large numbers that the hall sometimes looks more like an Œcumenical Council than a mere political convention.



These are harsh words, but I am trying to keep within those bounds of decency prescribed by the editorial rules of a family journal. By nature, by education, by instinct, by everything I ever had, have, or hope to get, I am against the principles of the Klan. They are the francs-tireurs of peace. No! They are much worse. The franc-tireur, even if he placed himself outside the law of nations (such as it is) fought in the open. I beg his pardon for having mentioned him in connection with the cowardly horde of hooded bullies. And anyway I am too tired and too disgusted with this whole performance to write straight English or make an attempt at elegance. Let me try and state in a few plain words what I have got to say.

The main issue in this meeting was the position of the Klan. No government can hope to survive that allows a secret society to establish a state within a state. This is no great and new truth evolved during the hours of boredom of the last week. The Greeks knew it. The Babylonians knew it. Noah would not stand for it in the Ark. It is as old as the hills. Older even. I have looked upon the bright faces of the "diligates" from Texas and Missouri and by a private process of necromancy I have not wished them well. I have once more been forced to gaze upon the smug countenance of William Jennings Bryan, and I have tried to remember the dictates of my grandmother who taught me that one must respect age. It is the only thing I can find to respect in the famous delegate from the State of Florida. In short I have sat here and I have detested the works of the Kleagles as whole-heartedly as any of my neighbors, and let us state, in honor of our much-abused fraternity, that not one newspaperman in a thousand has a good word to say for the noble Knights of the Bed-Sheet. And then to discover that the other side is every way as stupid, as bigoted, as despicable in its methods; to find, from actual experience, that the Clan-na-Gael is not a whit better than the Ku Klux Klan, that every appeal of the Kluxers to mob-spirit is immediately offset by a similar move on the part of the Irish-Catholics, who have established a regime of Schrecklichkeit in the galleries—all this is a sad blow to a hopeful young mind which still believed in Santa Claus and was convinced of the ultimate victory of righteousness.

For eight days I have listened to fine flights of oratory denouncing the wicked sins of the Republican Party, promising the Kingdom of Heaven if only the Democrats were given a chance. . . . Given a chance, indeed! They were given a hundred chances right here and failed miserably.

Last Friday or thereabouts I found the lord of *The Nation's* domains eating an apple in the press gallery, and he spake thus: "I have got to go to Cleveland. Art Young has gone back to the country. Lewis is chasing Injuns in Saskatchewan. Bill Hard is somewhere. I wish that you would stay here and report the final break. It must come some time. And it would be nice if the readers of *The Nation* were given a first-hand description of that momentous and historical occurrence." I said that I would stay. I now renig on the promise. If the readers of *The Nation* are curious about the rest of the Democratic Convention of the year of grace 1924, I refer them to Victor Hugo. He has left us a fine description of how life is lived in the sewers.

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## These United States—XLVII*

# VIRGINIA: A Gentle Dominion

By DOUGLAS FREEMAN

VIRGINIA buried her beloved at Appomattox, as her sons stood by, very ragged. All that she was, all that she hoped, all in which she had taken pride she told herself she had interred there. But it was spring for her sons, plowing-season, and they were hungry. They tramped back home and fortunately found in the reclamation of stumpy fields and neglected meadows an outlet for their grief. They thought of the past as seldom as they might and talked of it scarcely at all. It was five years before they had the farm in order, ten before they had any leisure, twenty before they possessed any money, thirty before they were measurably prosperous as their fathers had been in 1860. After the Spanish-American war—they never knew why—they could paint the house and buy a new surrey and take the wife to town for her shopping twice a year. By 1905 they began to argue whether it would not be possible to send the girl as well as the boy to college.

Since then there has been plenty. The village no longer looks as though its solitary street were a streamer of crape on the door of the landscape. The countryside is not quite trim, as yet, but has brightened immeasurably. The "Eastern Shore"—which comprises the two counties between the Chesapeake and the ocean—has become one of the richest agricultural communities in the United States. The Shenandoah Valley is white with apple blossoms almost as soon as the snow is gone. The section beyond the New River, "the gre-e-at Southwest," as its residents proudly style it, finds double wealth in its coal mines and in its export cattle, fattened on a very luxuriant blue grass. The people of the "Southside" counties, between the James River and the North Carolina line, are improving yearly the quality of their tobacco, and if they succeed in raising the early cotton they have planted experimentally they will rival the Carolina farmers, whom they now envy. Cooperative marketing is slowly taking hold, though eyed doubtfully by some bankers and vigorously fought by rich warehousemen. The breeding of stock has improved so much that the scrub, Pennyroyal bull now belongs with the bear that has disappeared from the mountains and the deer that has been killed in the swamps. Enough has been done to furnish abundant themes for the writers of booster-literature and to pile up statistics that sprain the backs of the graphs official bureaus delight to draw. Virginia's sons and their sons after them have done a brave, clean job since Appomattox.

The Mother herself, Virginia, went straight from Appomattox to the old house that typified the civilization that had perished. She climbed to the second-story bedroom; she pulled down the blinds and through the darkness of reconstruction sat in her mourning. She would put out the Southern flag on May 30 and go down to the porch when the veterans passed by on the way to reunions; she never missed a session of the U. D. C. and tended a booth in the old-fashioned bazaar that was held to raise money for another Confederate monument. She went to church and sat very quietly in the ancestral pew, though perhaps she could not bring herself to say Amen at the end of the prayer for the President of the United States and all others in authority. Sometimes she walked in the garden. But her thoughts were still of the war between the States. She could not forget and she had no desire to forget its triumphs and its agony. Her face has been turned to the past. Without pose or ostentation (those who are noisy have simply married into the family and do not understand), without making a fetish of her veil or a spectacle of her tears, Virginia has been "in deep mourning."

While the Widow has been lamenting in the front chamber upstairs, her daughters have been receiving new callers in the drawing-room and her sons have been paying court in strange parlors. Society has changed vastly during the great lady's widowhood—has changed so much, in fact, that she is beginning to doubt herself ever so little when daily she replies to a daughter's mention of a visitor's name with her emphatic, "Why, my dear child, I never heard of him; who was his grandfather?"

Names and blood still count in Virginia, but lack of them handicaps a man less in acquiring social position than possession of them aids him in preserving it. A few who have ancestry and no money keep their place; many who have money and no ancestry make their place. Even in Richmond, where the doors of the Monday German once were unlocked only for those who had as many quarterings as an officer in the bodyguard of a Bourbon, the daughter of the rich newcomer always is invited after two or three years and, a little later, her mother and father. "He's rich" is now an apologia for many shortcomings. Now and again there is scandalized squawking when a nobody wins the heart of an old aristocrat's daughter; but the girl seldom loses caste and the boy may gain. Where a great lady rules, why should not there be matriarchy? Nothing better illustrates the slow effacing of the old hard lines than that unless a union is hopeless the station of man and wife in a few years becomes that of the more distinguished of the two, be it that of the man or that of the woman. The old mercantile aristocracy of the cities died with the industrial era to which it belonged. Not one name in ten that appear in the list of those who entertained Lafayette, or were the familiars of John Marshall, or even of those on whom Jefferson Davis called when visiting in Virginia cities after the war is heard now at social functions. Many of the greatest lines are near extinction. General Robert E. Lee had three sons and four daughters. There survive only one grandson, two granddaughters, one great-granddaughter, and one great-grandson. This is characteristic. Cynics have affirmed that if two or three families of great planters had not been inexhaustibly prolific and had not intermarried early and widely, genealogists would have to despair of proving descent from early colonial times, except, of course, for the goodly host of those who possess, or think they possess, some of the blood of Pocahontas.

In rural Virginia the old aristocracy still clings to a few of its ancient seats, such as Shirley on the James and Mount Airy on the Rappahannock, but elsewhere it has per-

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ished or migrated and has had no successor. Nowhere in the South is the passing of the old order more manifest than in certain of the older counties, lower Hanover or King William, for example. Some of the old mansions remain, though fire has claimed more; but these often are habited by people ignorant of the history of the houses in which they dwell. One gets almost the impression that plague or an approaching army had driven the natives before it and that after years of decay another race has moved in.

With the lesser aristocracy and the middle classes the change has not been so great. Where the family was numerous it often happened that some of the sons went to the cities while the others remained at the "home place." Twenty years ago fully half the urban population in this way had kin in the country. Now the ties have been broken —one reason, this, for the sharpened legislative antagonisms between town and country. In the social life of the farmers much depends on the extent to which the old families have held on. There still are districts where some of the planters do not call on neighbors who are as prosperous as themselves but do not have a like background. Elsewhere the rural church has worked for democracy in the leveling of the old barriers. Even the aliens who occasionally settle in the counties gradually are made welcome in the homes of the neighborhood if they are well-behaved. Usually, however, there is one generation of something very much like probation: after that the son goes where the father might not. Conditions in the country on the whole are destructive of the aristocratic tradition. It is hard to be socially exclusive where neighbors are few and solitude wears down pride as well as nerves.

An element fast increasing in some parts of rural Virginia is that of the city-dweller, the son or grandson of a planter, who buys himself a country home which he uses part of the year. In northern Virginia, around Leesburg and Middleburg particularly, and in the beautiful foothills between the homes of Jefferson and Madison, are numerous colonies of these reformed burghers who spend on the land the money they make in trade. Sometimes these men attempt to figure in the political life of the county, but more frequently they consort with their kind. They are welcomed by the small farmer, who sells them his produce or his labor at prices well above the market, but they are jealously eyed by the larger planter, whose sun they dim and whose colored farmhands they hire at prices the "practical" farmer cannot pay. Not infrequently some wealthy man from the North or from the West, with a liking for the historical and with a desire to found a family, will purchase one of the large and famous estates and will make a theatrical attempt to lead the life of which he has read in a levant-bound life of Washington. Where taste and tact are sustained by patience and a purse some of these efforts to recreate the spacious style of the eighteenth century do not fail altogether of their purpose. Where any of the essentials is lacking the outcome is comical.

The last of the great social raconteurs, Captain W. Gordon McCabe, is dead. The great foil for his wit, Major Robert W. Hunter, preceded him a full ten years. The "old Virginia gentleman" is very rarely seen. Even his conscious imitators are no longer numerous. Not often does one hear, as at old court days, the orator who climbs vocally skyward, after the fashion of the preacher reading the hymn in Tom Sawyer and then suddenly drops to the lower register with an inflection for which there is no better name than the colloquial "curling." The old-time lawyer, the fabled country doctor, the kindly old "mammies," the dignified house-servants live now only in the stories of Thomas Nelson Page and his school.

One type there is that still links the great Widow with her past. It is a type seen often in Virginia cities and every Sunday in the country. On Franklin Street in Richmond, of a Monday afternoon, one may observe a dozen exemplars. They are the little old ladies, dressed inconspicuously in black, who trip to the Woman's Club, hear a program, sip their tea, and then, grasping their handbags tightly, trot home again. Some are widows, but most of them are the unmarried daughters of well-to-do business men of the last generation. They grew to womanhood in the seventies. Men were scarce then. Thousands of the young Virginians who should have been wooing them were moldering bones on the battlefields of the war between the States, or else, if spared, had given up hope in the Old Dominion and had sought a livelihood where cities were not in ashes and farmers' fields were not burrowed with trenches. Many of the young women of that day married men not worthy of them. Many others had no lovers. They stayed on in their fathers' houses until their parents died and then they went to reside with kinspeople or had a spinster cousin of like temperament come to live with them. They use the old furniture and read the old books and adhere to the old fashions and think the old thoughts. They are given to charity, they write regularly to all their relatives, and they know what is happening in the homes of all their friends. To sit for an hour with one of these women and to hear her talk of "Pa" and of "Ma"—for they cling to the eighteenth-century pronunciation—is to agree that the women are the great social conservators. Virginia society in its distinctive sense would have breathed its last long ago but for the little old ladies.

Numerous as the changes in society have been during Virginia's widowhood the essential quality of social life, which is the fundamental characteristic of the people, remains precisely what it was when General Lee was its incarnation. That quality is consideration for the feelings of other people. A man may be fairly sure in Virginia of a courteous answer to his inquiries and of a friendly reply to his greeting. Whether a mountaineer on the side of a wretched little clearing or the inheritor of a great name chatting over his first editions, the average Virginian displays an inherited thoughtfulness for the sensibilities of another. He dislikes to say unpleasant things or to touch a sore spot, and he is equally anxious not to have his own bruises handled or his own feelings hurt. All this sounds very much like boasting that lacks the very quality it describes; yet there is no understanding Virginia, and her people's courtesy, their reserve, and their sense of values unless one realizes that an atmosphere of good-will and friendliness is prized above industrial advance or agricultural progress.

Consideration is certainly one of several explanations of the comparative amity between employer and employee in Virginia. Their relationship rests on the first law of the South—that a white man is a white man and must be treated as such regardless of his station. A certain deference, a noticeable restraint in manner, is to be observed in the bearing of the manager to the workers. There is little swearing or shouting and, more often than not, the delib-

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erate use of "Mister" when the operative is addressed. Carelessness in these matters or neglect of the consideration the employee demands as a white man would cause him to quit his job instantly and would lead to a strike as readily as any difference over wages or hours would.

Consideration enters into the treatment of the Negro to an extent that may not be credited by some readers. The Virginia Negro is the blue-blood of his race and has behind him nearly a century more of life on the continent than have most colored people of the cotton belt. Many Virginia Negroes are the descendants of seventeenth-century slaves; perhaps the majority date their American "line" from around 1750. After that date Virginia did not willingly import any blacks. From 1800 onward there was a rather steady southward movement of slaves. The manner, the bearing, and the intelligence of the Negroes of Virginia so definitely exhibit the benefits of their longer residence in America that it is surprising no ethnologist has studied them. They have advanced splendidly in many ways. Stephen Graham found them, as Olmstead had sixty-five years before, indisputably the most prosperous of their race in the South. They have their social strata, their clubs, their fraternal organizations, their vigorous churches, their stores, their doctors and dentists, and even their banks, though these last, it must be admitted sorrowfully, are entirely too prone to fail. In education they are zealous and persistent. They have not yet been allowed in the rural districts properly trained teachers, suitable school-buildings, or a session of decent length; but in the cities they have all these and have made the most of them. In one Virginia town, not long ago, it was discovered that a larger percentage of beginner-pupils among colored girls than among white boys was continuing through to graduation from the high school. But the colored people have more than physical aids to self-help. They have the moral support of nearly all the whites; and though the point of contact is of course the point of friction, they understand and are understood far better than is generally believed in the North. It is commonly said in Virginia that if the State were free alike from the racial involvements of the North and from the troubles of the Gulf States the two races could live side by side through the centuries and have no strife. Lynchings are rare and are a humiliation to the white people. Justice at the law is meted out to the colored man—justice with consideration.

In politics, too, there is consideration, perhaps too much of it, in fact, but less justice. The State has been unswervingly Democratic since the Civil War, though prior to that time it was often contested hotly by the Whigs. The disfranchisement of the Negro under the constitution of 1902 has not led many white men to change their politics. A few manufacturers and bankers have concluded that their economic interest lies with the Republicans. An occasional seeker after place and an infrequent tuft-hunter goes over. Now and again protestants abstain from voting or even support a Republican candidate when the Democratic nominee is notoriously feeble. In the southwestern counties, where slavery was never seated and where few Negroes have settled, the Republicans are in the majority and are fought with weapons of many forgings. Many State offices go to the exacting and hungry Democrats of this district, the Ninth, to strengthen them in their warfare with the "heathen." Elsewhere in Virginia men accept the Democratic Party as they do their religious affiliation—chiefly by inheritance. Perhaps unjust tax laws may force a political uprising. Otherwise it seems probable that for the next ten years whatever is done for progress in Virginia must be begun within the Democratic ranks. The primary must take the place of the general election. The equivalent of the bi-partisan system must be sought, as far as may be, between the factions of the Democratic Party.

These factions follow the world-round cleavage, so old that it might be called geologically political, of conservative and liberal. In the factional war the peculiar quality of the people, that same good-natured consideration, makes it difficult for liberals to get results. The conservatives, who form the State Democratic "machine," are generaled by those who want office and will work for it. The liberals suffer from a lack of leadership because those who are qualified for office do not as a rule desire it and will not bestir themselves to win it. Then, too, the conservatives have a disconcerting way of conquering their conquerors. With the single exception of former Governor Westmoreland Davis, father of the very excellent Virginia budget law, every liberal who has defeated the machine in recent years has been won over to the conservatives or else has been silenced by the consideration they have shown him. The directors of the machine, furthermore, are cautious. The Juggernaut car is not used for political joy-riding. They seldom attack unless they are assailed or find their political structure endangered. Their success is usually not difficult, for nine times in ten it involves nothing more than defeating the bills the liberals introduce.

Besides, when it is hard put, the machine can mobilize most effectively for government of the cities by the counties, through the courthouse "rings." Every county in Virginia has a clerk of its court, a sheriff, a treasurer, and one or more commissioners of the revenue, the officers who assess taxes. These are all elective. They work together. They are sociable and friendly as a rule; they know virtually everyone in the county. They lend money and give advice. They are almost the only officials in the county who are permanently employed, and they are well paid by a vicious system of fees that liberals vainly have sought to destroy. Naturally the county "ring" has a community of interest. As the members of the "ring" or their deputies are moving about constantly, and as politics is as much their sport as it is their business, they are always recruiting their ranks, reclaiming deserters, and disciplining the unruly. With their kinsfolk, their debtors, their friends, and their henchmen these engaging gentlemen muster a vote definitely ponderable in a State where the franchise is the privilege of the few and is not exercised by all of them.

Here is the skeleton in the great Widow's closet. In order to exclude the Negro from the polls the framers of the present constitution of Virginia set *chevaux de frise* of qualifications in the voter's way. He must reside in the State two years, in the county or city one year, in the precinct thirty days; he must apply for registration in his own handwriting and must be able to explain a section of the constitution if asked to do so; he must pay a poll tax of $1.50 six months in advance of the election in which he wishes to participate. This last requirement is the stake on which the slow-footed are impaled. Nobody ever seems to remember from year to year when the six months begin or end. The newspapers diligently print "boxes" and occasionaly "streamers" of warning. Organizations remind

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their members. The unions suspend those who do not qualify. But the indifferent citizen is negligent, pays his tax too late, and if he goes to the polls in resentmnet of some political outrage is told he is not on the book. There must be hundreds in Virginia who have not had a voice in choosing a candidate since the constitution of 1902—a curious sunset document of another age—became operative. Thousands who are able to vote may reason that the candidates are all decent men or that it is no use wasting one's time in voting against the machine's favorite, who is certain to win. Personalities in campaigns are barred by unwritten law. Consideration shows itself in a sharp reaction to the side of a man who is too vigorously assailed, either by his opponent or by the newspapers. The result is that a State of 2,300,000 does not poll in the average Democratic primary more than 150,000 votes. In the general election the number will not exceed from 200,000 to 230,000. The counties rule even as they are ruled by the county "rings." The "green terror" of which Joseph Caillaux writes so speciously in France does not fall very far short of reality in Virginia. It is all a political curiosity—a people too considerate of office-holders to overcome the phalanx office-holders are careful to muster. Of course, consideration is not all. Qualification is a barrier. Indifference is a killing obstacle in the way. Pride in the past, a belief that a State which has been well governed heretofore will be governed equally well in the future—this enters largely.

What does the future hold? The Widow will not take off her weeds until all those who have memory of the war between the States, even as children, have gone with the elders. As long as there are a dozen Confederate veterans in Virginia they will meet in annual reunion. Their daughters will erect more monuments. Their sons will read Confederate history and will teach it to their children. Their grandsons in their first school-speeches will call the roll of great Virginians. The influence of General Lee will remain in splendid potency. All this is certain. But for the rest, is Virginia ever to be "great again" in General Lee's own words? Great in agriculture she can be, though never among the first dozen States. Great in commerce she may be, if the Hampton Roads are utilized by American shippers. Whether she is great in achievement, great in the bearing of intellectual leaders, great in service to the country as one of the few States that remain predominantly of British stock—whether she ever is great again in this fullest sense depends on her ability to make her superb history dynamic through the new educational movement that is the hope of every progressive Virginian. In 1860 Virginia had the most adequate system of colleges in the United States, with the largest attendance per 1,000 of population. She must have for the future a system not inferior to the best. Her public schools must be in kind. Her history must be for inspiration rather than for contemplation. It is not enough to say: "We have Abraham to our father."

# National Forests and the Northern Pacific

By EDWARD RICHARDS

IN spite of political appearances and campaign utterances, oil is not the only natural resource, belonging to the nation, which has been attacked. In 1921 an attempt was made to undermine the present effective and efficient control of the national forests. At that time several bills were introduced into Congress providing for what seemed on the face of it a harmless change in the administrative control of the Forest Service. These bills called for the transfer of the Forest Service—including all of its resources in the way of appropriations, personnel, etc., as well as of all the national forests under its care—from the United States Department of Agriculture to the United States Department of the Interior. Secretary Fall was Secretary of the Interior at that time and if these seemingly harmless and apparently unimportant bills had passed, there is every reason to believe that much of the nationally owned supply of timber contained in the national forests both in the United States and in Alaska would have gone the same way as has the oil of Teapot Dome and the California Oil Reserve. Only the extreme alertness of those interested in the welfare of the forests of the nation, followed and headed up by the energetic action of the technically trained foresters who knew the situation and understood what was going on, prevented the passage of these bills by arousing public sentiment against them.

Now it is not realized by the general public, especially in the East, that the national forests contain anything that is worth having from an economic point of view. Most people think of them as a kind of park system similar to the Yellowstone Park—a nice place to go to for a trip. Beautiful scenery, big mountains, blue lakes, speckled trout make up the mental picture of the national forests in most people's minds. But for a moment let us glance at the facts concerning these national forests. Take their size and number. Including the two Alaskan forests there are 148 of them, covering in all slightly over 245,000 square miles. To make this area seem more real, it may be said that it exceeds by a considerable margin the total area of the States of Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Maryland, Delaware, and Virginia, and the District of Columbia. Much of this huge area is not covered by actual forest growth, a considerable part of it being grazing land and high, barren mountain tops, but even with these deductions the large size of the national forest property can be seen. Or take the quality of forests which they contain. On parts of this area stand some of the very finest virgin forests that ever grew on this continent. In Alaska, for example, the forests of Sitka spruce are as fine as or finer than any spruce forests on earth, while in the Northwestern States the stands of Douglas fir and yellow pine now found on the national forests are in many places second to none. Nor is the grazing land wasted, for in the year ended June 30, 1921, these lands supported a total of 2,050,715 cattle, 78,871 horses, 3,177 hogs, 7,412,412 sheep, and 43,190 goats, for which grazing fees were payable to the Forest Service of $2,415,-618. In addition to the timber and the grazing, the water-power available in the national forests and the recreational values in the form of fish and game, camping grounds, etc., show the worth of this great national resource. And for upwards of twenty-five years these properties have been not only set aside for the people of the United States as a whole, but have been cared for with a zeal and a devotion to

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the public welfare on the part of the United States Forest Service that is beyond all praise. Great strides have been made in preventing forest fires, in improving the grazing, in seeing that the timber, whenever cut, is removed in such a way that new forest growth comes in afterward, and in opening up the country by establishing roads, trails, camping sites, and other facilities for the public. In a nutshell, the policies of Roosevelt and Pinchot, of managing the national forests for the permanent public use of the citizens of the United States, have been faithfully put into actual practice.

The most immediate assault upon this great national resource does not, however, come through legislative channels but as an outcome of a land grant made in 1864, sixty years ago. This grant was made to the Northern Pacific Railroad Company for the purpose of enabling them to construct a railroad from Lake Superior to the Pacific Coast, and consisted of all the odd-numbered non-mineral sections of public land (a section equals one mile square) in two strips each forty miles wide, one on each side of the main line of the railroad throughout its entire length, or a strip totaling 80 miles in all. This 80-mile belt was known as the "primary limits" of the grant. Outside of this 80-mile strip were two ten-mile "indemnity strips." The purpose of the latter was to afford the opportunity for the railroad to acquire sections in them in place of any odd-numbered sections in the primary limits classified as mineral, reserved, settled upon, or otherwise disposed of. Under an act of Congress passed in 1895 an amazing area of land was classified as "mineral" in four land districts in Idaho and western Montana. The work in each district was done by a board of three commissioners. Usually all but one were non-resident political appointees without mining experience or the other qualifications needed to perform the duties of the position efficiently. In these four districts about 3,800,000 acres of land were classified as mineral. It would be unfair at this late date to charge actual or constructive fraud in the classification; but the undeniable fact remains that the classification as made was remarkably favorable to the railroad company. In this connection an actual examination of a map of the whole area shows a surprising number of sections, odd numbered and therefore due to belong to the railroad, but situated on the bare rocky tops of mountains, which have been classified as "mineral," when to date no mineral deposits worth speaking of have been discovered on them. When it is realized that in exchange for such practically bare rocks, when classified as "mineral land," the railroad company has had the right to select timber and agricultural land which was classified as "non-mineral" in the first indemnity limit, the questionableness of the administration of the whole land grant gains considerable force. This is, however, only supposition and deduction—yet very reasonable withal—as no general, comprehensive investigation has been made of this aspect of the grant. But on other points the facts are available and are quite clear.

The total area of land actually due to the railroad on a gross acreage basis was about 44 million acres. To date the actual title to only a little over 40 million acres has been passed to the railroad, leaving an alleged deficiency of about 3,900,000 acres. In part satisfaction of this shortage the railroad company claims the right to select about 3,000,000 acres of lands which were set aside about twenty to twenty-five years ago by the Government for the national forests. Much of this reserved land contains excellent timber and the whole of the area has been protected from fire and improved by the building of roads, trails, telephone lines, etc., at government expense as part of the national forests from the early years of this century to date. During the period these lands have been reserved by the Government and protected from forest fires, the value of all timber stumpage has greatly increased throughout the United States, so that they are now estimated to be worth about $30,000,000. The question of the relative rights of the Government and the railroad company is at issue. The matter was taken to court on one feature of the case and finally reached the Supreme Court of the United States. The railway company is giving out the impression that the case decided by the Supreme Court covers all the controversial matters. The Forest Service contends that the Supreme Court decision covers only one point and that there are many questions in the grant which as yet have not been the subject of judicial determination, and that these important questions may now be considered by Congress with a view to settling them in fairness to the United States and the railroad.

The heart of the matter seems to lie in the broad purpose of the original grant, and not in any one or more detailed parts of it. In 1864 the Northern Pacific Railroad Company desired to construct a railroad to the Pacific Coast. The Government was willing to have such a road built and so the two parties each agreed to perform certain specific things; in other words, a contract was entered into between them to secure the construction of the railroad. It is the claim of the Government that the railroad has repeatedly and flagrantly violated the terms of its contract. For instance, take one specific item. The Government claims that the agreement included the construction of a railroad, as part of the main line of the system, from Wallula, Washington, to Portland, Oregon, a distance of 225 miles, and also that this line was never constructed by the railroad company. Again the railroad failed to build 1,507.21 miles of road within the time limit set by law. Besides these points a large number of other instances can be cited where the Northern Pacific has either failed to observe the terms of its grant or else has greatly profited at the expense of the Government through errors and mistakes. But these are details, while what is needed is a review of the case as a whole. The kind of question that should be raised is general rather than specific. Such items as the total cost of the road as compared with the total value of the land actually given to the railroad is of interest here. The actual cost of the construction was not to exceed $70,000,000. While the gross receipts from the sale of lands from the time of the grant to June 30, 1917, including the railroad's own estimate of the values of lands received but still unsold at that date, was $136,118,533.14, or only slightly less than double the cost of the road. It is these big, general questions that need attention rather than the details. The original grant was made to enable the railroad company to sell the land and so secure the money needed to build the road. The facts seem to show that the company sold only part of the land, realizing nearly twice as much in cash from the sale as was needed originally to construct the road—it subsequently had largely to be reconstructed.

The Secretary of Agriculture, Mr. Wallace, supported by President Coolidge, has now urged upon Congress an immediate investigation of the whole of the Northern Pacific Railroad land grant, in order to save the national forest acreage that has been threatened. Such an investi-

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gation should certainly be made and unless some entirely new facts are brought forward, it should prove beyond any shadow of doubt that instead of the Government owing the Northern Pacific Railroad Company nearly 3,000,000 acres of national forest land, the company has already been overpaid and is entitled, in equity, to an accounting for values received in violation of the terms of the grant.

The Forest Service contends that under the terms of the grant the railroad company was required to sell all lands in its possession after July 4, 1884, to settlers in lots not exceeding a section in area at prices not exceeding $2.50 per acre. It also claims that not less than 25,000,000 acres have been sold by the company since that date and that in such sales no preference has been given to settlers and no attention paid to either the area or price limitation. In a very similar case involving about 3,000,000 acres of land claimed by the Southern Pacific Railway Company under a very similar land grant the Supreme Court held that the $2.50 per acre was binding. In that case Congress took over the land, allowed the company an average of $2.50 per acre, deducted from the gross amount any money already received by the company in sales which it had made and provided for paying the company the balance due it.

# In the Driftway

THE Drifter notices that the editorial department is agitating the question of the prefix of women's names. Should Mary Smith, after standing up before the altar with William Brown, call herself Mrs. Brown, according to the older dispensation, or adopt the fashion of some modern feminists and continue to pass herself off as Miss Smith? The editorial department states that, although believers in the new mode have banded together as the Lucy Stone League, the woman under whose name they have united did not follow their method. Lucy Stone after her marriage refused to answer to the name of Mrs. Blackwell. But she did not call herself Miss Stone; she used the title Mrs. Stone.

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THIS, the Drifter thinks, is the more desirable method, because it preserves the maiden name but indicates the annexation of a husband. The Drifter's feminist friends—some of them, at least—insist that it is nobody's business but her own whether a woman is married. Granted. But the Drifter is a realist—or thinks he is. He cares little for theoretic rights, much for practical realities. In the world in which we live it is a practical convenience to know from a woman's name whether she is husbanded or husbandless, and the increasing insignificance of the male makes it less reasonable than ever that a woman should object to admitting the ownership of such a trifle. By letting it protrude from a pocket she proclaims the possession of a handkerchief. Why, then, conceal a mere husband?

* * * * *

NO, the Drifter sees no gain in obliterating the distinction between married and unmarried women. Rather would he create such a distinction for men. As a matter of fact, even some decidedly advanced women prefer to be known by their husband's name. As one of them put it to the Drifter: "Why prefer your maiden to your married name? You at least choose the name of your husband, while that of your parents is thrust upon you."

BUT for economic or other reasons women are doubtless destined more and more to stick by their maiden names. Hence, the matter of prefixes is important. Perhaps it will be resolved by discarding all prefixes: Miss, Mrs., and Mr. None is necessary and all are reminiscent of a bygone era of ceremony and aristocracy. In fact, American newspapers have already made a start in eliminating prefixes. Their custom now is to refer to John D. Rockefeller, not Mr. John D. Rockefeller. When using only the last name it is Mr. Rockefeller, not just Rockefeller, but the latter usage is perhaps not far off. Indeed, it has already been adopted by the labor press—and by other papers, too, when the man in question is a laborer and without the halo of John D.'s money. In England, on the other hand, newspapers are still sticklers for the older and more formal etiquette. It is always Mr. John D. Rockefeller.

* * * * *

THE more the Drifter thinks of it, the more he is inclined to conclude that the prefix before names is on the way to the scrap-pile, and it may be that the revolt of feminists against their married names will be the deciding factor. Even old fogies like the Drifter may live to see the day when Mary Smith after marriage will not fight to be called Miss Smith in preference to Mrs. Brown, because by common usage she will be known as Mary, as Mary Smith, or as Smith, according to circumstances and the degree of intimacy that exists between her and the person who is speaking.

* * * * *

EITHER that or the Spanish method. For it is remarkable that Spain, which is rated as a backward country, has the most progressive system in regard to names of which the Drifter knows. The difficulty of the feminists was solved there years ago. In Spain when Señorita Maria Gomez is taken to wife by Señor Juan Martinez she does not become Señora Martinez, as would be her normal fate in the United States. No, she becomes Señora Maria Gomez de Martinez—a case of addition, not substitution. If she brings into the world a son whom she calls José, he is not known as José Martinez. Oh, by no means! He becomes José Martinez y Gomez, thus retaining the family name of both father and mother, although for brevity's sake he is usually addressed simply as Señor Martinez. Not too complicated and eminently satisfactory thinks

THE DRIFTER

# Correspondence

## The Tragedy of the Minnesota *Star*

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In *The Nation's* wise and careful weighing of the forces that went into the defeat of the Minnesota *Daily Star* (and I would not ignore them) as a free newspaper, was there not one factor omitted?

The *Star* was founded upon the premise that a newspaper can draw from the financial forces which the paper is founded to oppose. I believe that premise is wrong.

As our cities are organized there are no advertisers who can sign lucrative contracts who do not come directly under the control of the financial interests opposed to liberal thought. With every gain in advertising, the *Daily Star* threw overboard some of its standards and ideals; and it is noteworthy that its final act of apostasy came just one week before it received a year's contract from the biggest department stores.

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Acting upon a fallacious premise, the *Daily Star* sought to become a competitor of the respectable newspapers, including funnies, sport pages, an urge toward a thick, impressive size, and a thirst for big circulation.

This description does not go for the first months of the paper's life. Those months represent a golden period of journalism in the Northwest, an almost legendary era. This is no exaggeration. Individuals are still talking about that first year, when the paper was incurring a deficit of $7,000 a month, paid out of capital and real assets, and was gloriously free. The circulation at that time was about 40,000. The editorials were never doctrinaire, yet intelligently social. Advertising was subject to editorial control. The news was honest. An editor of a competing newspaper said: "You have probably the most intelligent group of readers ever assembled in the West. I estimate that 80 per cent of yours read editorials, while only about 10 per cent of ours do."

During that first year the *Star* was virtually an endowed newspaper. It had either to continue as an endowed newspaper and remain free, or bow to the inevitable and become a pseudo-liberal journal. Or it might, by reducing to four pages, eliminating costly features, and attracting loyal, intelligent readers, have developed a style of paper which could live without advertising.

*Minneapolis, June 10* M. H. HEDGES

## A Correction and a Rebuke

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: With reference to the communication in your issue of June 4, *The Nation* at Northwestern, signed "A Pacifist Mother," permit me to make one correction.

President Scott did not telephone to the library for the issue of *The Nation* for April 16. Our vigilant reference librarian spotted your uncomplimentary article on Northwestern University as soon as the number came to the library, and, as is our habit, we called it to the attention of the person most concerned, in this case President Scott. I took it over to his office as I was passing that way. The inference that this copy of *The Nation* was kept away from frequenters of the library is wholly unwarranted, and your publication of the letter in question without going to the trouble of getting the facts is quite in keeping with the practice of some metropolitan newspapers.

We have recently opened a new periodical room to which we invite "A Pacifist Mother." There she will find on open shelves all the current numbers of *The Nation*, to say nothing of the *Student Challenge*, published by the affiliated Garrett Biblical Institute, and the *New Republic* for May 21, which sets some people right as to what to believe in regard to pacifism at Northwestern. It is amusing to see how difficult it is to keep the peace on the question of pacifism.

*Evanston, Illinois, June 6* THEODORE W. KOCH, Librarian

## Would It Be a Misalliance?

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your issue of May 28, Hanson Lewis argues against the formation of a farmer-labor party, and calls for a third party (though why "third" I don't know, rather than seventh or eighth) not representing "any particular class or group." The history of politics in this and other countries should have taught him that the only parties which ever achieve power are those which are based on specific class interests. A party which represents nobody in particular has no particular reason for existence.

Mr. Lewis thinks that if a coherent party of farmers and wage-workers should win power, it "would be sure to enact vicious class legislation, harmful to the interests of the general public." Inasmuch as the working farmers constitute at least 30 per cent and the wage-workers 50 per cent of our whole population, I should like to know why the remaining minority should be dignified with the title of "the general public." It is even safe to say that half of this small residue would directly benefit by legislation which improved the condition of wage-workers and "dirt-farmers."

False as are his conclusions, however, Mr. Lewis renders a service in the earlier part of his letter, where he raises a question that is too often overlooked or evaded—the question whether or not it is practicable for one party really to represent the interests of two groups or classes so dissimilar as the industrial wage-workers and the tillers of the soil.

Nearly two-thirds of the working farmers are property owners; most wage-workers are not. All farmers are sellers of commodities; wage-workers are not. Most farmers are to some extent purchasers of labor-power; wage-workers are essentially sellers of labor-power.

These antagonisms must not be ignored if we wish to understand the problem—and we cannot solve it if we do not understand it.

But there is more to be said. The two classes have likewise much in common. Both are composed of productive workers—persons who gain their livelihood by creating wealth, as distinguished from those who live by owning the means of production which other folk use. Both the working farmer and the wage-worker are exploited—that is, are compelled by the very nature of our economic system to produce a surplus for someone else as a condition to being permitted to produce a living for themselves. There is a considerable difference in the mode and form of exploitation in the two cases, but to a large extent the beneficiaries are the same.

No, the interests of wage-workers and of working farmers are not identical. But neither are they diametrically opposed. They are divergent, and the question is, Can they be harmonized, and if so, on what lines? It is a question worthy of careful study.

*New York, June 10* ALGERNON LEE

## America and Peace

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The Women's International League for Peace and Freedom recently held its fourth biennial convention in Washington, D. C., and an international summer school in Chicago in the month of May. Delegates from about thirty-eight countries came from all parts of the world to this convention; now we are leaving the United States, going back to our own countries, our minds filled with the wonderful and interesting experiences we have had.

But it must be admitted—if we are to tell the truth—that some of us have been disappointed in our work here. Coming across the sea we discussed our plans. We knew the United States did not approve of the present League of Nations, and we agreed. But we wanted to ask her to come in and help us make it better. We thought the Americans would be tired of war, and rather tired of our European problems, but we certainly believed that the American people stood for peace, and that we would be able to go home with new ideas and the feeling of having the moral support of a great and strong nation.

What did we find?

First of all that the United States has problems of its own as great and quite as difficult to solve as our European questions—problems that we had not realized or understood. And—what bitterly discouraged us—we began to doubt that the American people really were tired of war. We could not help feeling disappointed when we found that to preach the gospel of peace often had the same effect as when you wave a red cloth before a bull; or when we saw that in the free United States, in the country of George Washington and Abraham Lincoln, there is

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only limited freedom of speech and that many people who believe in peace dare not say so for fear of losing their positions.

We certainly were astonished to see a great military propaganda instituted by a small industrial group which owns and utilizes a very influential press—a press, not only badly informed in foreign affairs, but actually untrue and corrupt. This press has told many lies about our league and our members; for instance, we have been said to be financed by the Bolshevists.

But in spite of these disappointments, we are thrilled by the wonderful possibilities of this country. Perhaps the American people, as a whole, are not yet politically awake. But we admire the advanced minority, the few excellent papers, and the splendid and courageous persons and groups.

*New York, June 5* LILIAN HOLBY,
Norwegian Delegate, W. I. L. P. F.

## The Klan at Work

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your issue of June 18, discussing the Ku Klux Klan, you cite the recent immigration bill as a true sample of Klannishness and for lack of contrary evidence you exonerate the Invisible Empire from all blame in connection with its enactment into law.

It may interest you, therefore, to learn that you are wrong and that the Klan and its "citizens" not only were responsible for the passage of the bill but did, in fact, have much to do with the drafting of the measure and its subsequent introduction in the House.

Whether Representative Johnson (who fathered the measure) is himself a Klansman I cannot say, for I have no knowledge that he is, but I do know that petitions were circulated by the Klan throughout the entire country stating that the measure was in danger of defeat and urging all "100 per cent Americans" to do their utmost to secure its passage.

And I can further state that these petitions when signed were returned to the Klan and forwarded by them officially to Representative Johnson.

The reason I know all this is that I am myself a "citizen" of the Invisible Empire and received the petition before mentioned together with a printed "rider" urging me to foster sentiment favorable to the bill. Being opposed to the measure I destroyed both petition and "rider" and am therefore unable to present graphic proof, but I can say that the organization as a whole did its utmost for the bill and after its passage urged the President (individually, of course) not to veto it. That they were successful is now common knowledge, and in view of this fact I think it but right that the blame (or praise, depending on the point of view) be placed where it belongs.

Since I do not wish to be either expelled from the order for divulging "secret" information nor yet to be arrested as a criminal (membership in the order brands me an outlaw in this State) I must ask you to accept my alias, asking your pardon for violating your rules and assuring you of my support in the gallant fight you are making for tolerance and freedom of thought and expression.

*Brooklyn, June 14* A KLANSMAN

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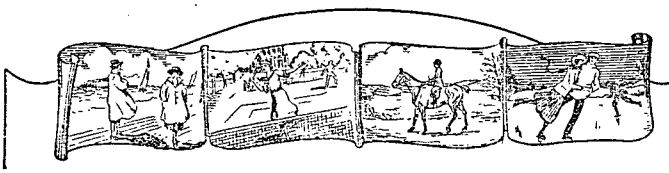

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# After Winter

By DAVID MORTON

Now these strange dusks that darken over snow
Will trouble me no longer with that look
As though there were yet darker things to know
Than any man may learn from any book;
And I shall have, instead, about me here,
The brown, immediate earth of lovely ways,
And skies that are more intimate and near,
Than any that have arched these many days.

Those frozen twilights that had somehow seemed
Too like a wide and hushed eternity,
Will be no more than something that I dreamed,
Something remembered that will make of me
A more importunate lover of this shore,
More eager and more ardent than before.

# Books

## A Fireside Puss

*Under Dispute.* By Agnes Repplier. Houghton Mifflin Company. $2.

"UNDER DISPUTE," Agnes Repplier's last slim volume, offers us another chance of coming at the secret of a style which for two generations has been so complacently appreciated by the conventional reading public of America.

Curiously enough, as I turned over the pages of this small book, a book written in easy and faultless English and containing easy and faultless thoughts, I found myself being constantly reminded of another writer whose compositions appeal, in the same manner, to the favored classes of society—no less a person, in fact, that Mr. St. Loe Strachey, the respected editor of the London *Spectator!* This refined American Lady-essayist and this perfect English Gentleman-journalist both find themselves profoundly contented with the world as it is, or perhaps, to be more accurate, as it appears to them to be, from the windows of the Athenaeum Club in London and the Acorn Club in Philadelphia.

They both write with considerable literary grace and charm and they both have a habit of adorning their sentences, when any thorny question is under dispute, with an amusing suggestion of suave irony. On no account does either of them indulge in the kind of earnestness which, according to Goethe, alone makes life eternity and which Matthew Arnold used to consider the final test of any real distinction of style. Indeed, if the flames of Hell were, beyond all expectation, suddenly to burst through the earth's crust, I verily believe that the placid periods of these two would remain unperturbed. And yet if the world were in truth the closed garden that they seem to consider it and all of us fruit upon a protected wall, what a pair of unyielding never-to-be cracked kernels would be found at the hearts of these two sunkist apricocks!

Agnes Repplier once wrote a charming book to her cat entitled "The Fireside Sphinx." Sometimes one is inclined to associate her with the subject of her story seeing that for these twoscore years she has done nothing but soothe her readers to sleep with a soft purring without letting them for a single moment suspect that somewhere buried in her cushion-soft pads are hard horn-white claws. One can hardly wonder that the intellectual attitude of this ultra-refined Lady of letters is particularly exasperating to simple-minded realists. For truth to say, she patronizes the United States, patronizes Europe, patronizes the round world itself, and all that doth inherit.

Remembering how, ten years ago, above the sound of cocks' crowing, above the sound of dogs' barking, above the sound of cattle bells tinkling, the calm upper levels of the atmosphere that cloak the swinging earth were suddenly rent asunder by an appalling cry, echoing up from blood-drenched acres to the very throne of God Himself, the tone of a sentence like this becomes peculiarly trying: "The earth is a bad little planet and we hope that other planets are happier and better behaved."

Agnes Repplier's reactions to life were fixed, one feels, by a kind of pinchbeck mental predestination long, long ago, in the Convent of the Sacred Heart. What she really does, as each new event takes place, is to assume a foreordained position, a position which in almost every case is identical with the beliefs and prejudices of the members of the Acorn Clubs of the world, and the Acorn Clubs of the world, whatever else may be laid to their charge, run no risk of incurring, with an institution like that of the University of Oxford, the ignominy of being called "the homes of lost causes." As inevitably as day follows night does Agnes Repplier find a specious justification for the orthodox attitude toward any given set of circumstances. With all the air of a discerning impartial observer she, at every new turn, with the utmost regularity adopts and defends the least enlightened and least philosophic point of view. Courageous, unbiased thinking is not, to use her own phrase, her long suit.

Consider this as an example of her obeisance to popular prejudice: "It is possible for two boys to build up a friendship on the basis of a clean fight. It is possible for two nations to build up a good understanding on the basis of a clean fight. Germany's fighting was unclean from start to finish."

Consider this as an example of her immersion in prevailing sentiment: "The emotional ebb-tide which followed the signing of the armistice was too natural to be deplored, save that it gave to obstructionists their chance to decry the matchless heroism of the war."

Consider this as an example of her agreement with a national complacence of a particularly fatuous kind: "The curious thing about Mr. Lewis's analysis is that back of the contempt he strives to awaken in our souls is a suspicion that Babbitt's herd mind, the mind of many thousands of Americans, is, on the whole, a safe mind for the country."

Even so old-fashioned a Tory as I cannot but feel a certain impatience with "the orderly processes of civilization" as championed by Agnes Repplier. As a minor example of what I mean it is surely a little too much to be reminded of "the grace of human relations" that should exist between mistress and parlor maid!

Rudyard Kipling writes his Recessional. The poem provokes in England an enormous amount of emotional imperialistic unction. This is a state of mind that wins unequivocal approbation from Agnes Repplier. She declares that after reading the poem the English people "dilated generally with emotions *which it is good for a public to feel.*" The emotions referred to being, as a matter of fact, the kind of emotions that it is extremely bad for any public to feel. And could anything be more redolent of a woman's-club chairman attitude toward a formidable genius than her tactful words "brave old hopeful Whitman"?

It may be that quite apart from the pardonable satisfaction felt by the more decorous sections of society at being assured in gentle tones that what they are thinking is the best that could possibly be thought, Miss Repplier's readers have actually acquired a taste for the engaging humor of their favorite author, a humor which, at its best, really has about it a faint flavor of Jane Austen. It must be confessed, however, that it is too often a tame kind of humor, though doubtless of a kind to divert tame minds. The present volume reveals no drying up of the original fount and as one comes upon each passage one can almost see the delighted expression destined to light up, so shortly, the faces of her many refined readers.

LLEWELYN POWYS

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## "The Fierce Year of Failure"

*Manin and the Venetian Revolution.* By G. M. Trevelyan. Longmans, Green and Company. $4.50.

THE year 1848, as Mr. Trevelyan remarks in the preface to this volume, "was an ill year for the future of mankind." If it had had a different outcome, if the forces of liberalism had prevailed in continental Europe, if the new nations had "begun their racial life," as Mr. Trevelyan puts it, "on a basis not of militarism and mutual hatred, but of complete opposition to the militarist habit of mind," it is probable that the cataclysm of ten years ago might not have occurred. It was indeed, as Swinburne calls it, "the fierce year of failure" almost everywhere, but nowhere more fierce nor more utterly a failure than in Italy. The story of it has been told for English readers in the most admirable fashion by Mr. Trevelyan. Seventeen years ago appeared the volume dealing with the Roman Republic of Mazzini and Garibaldi, and now we have this lucid, eloquent, and carefully documented account of the attempt of Venice to renew the glory of her republican days.

The later volume naturally lacks the romantic charm of the earlier. There are no figures in the Venetian struggle—are there anywhere in modern history?—quite equal, for splendor and a certain mystical exaltation, to those of Garibaldi and Mazzini. If all revolutionists were of this caliber revolutions would be more popular than they are, though not necessarily more successful. We would not imply that lost causes are more glorious than gained ones. There was nothing sentimental or unpractical about the two great chiefs of the Roman struggle for freedom. Only, when you are of the stature of Mazzini and Garibaldi—and we must certainly add, Manin—there are ways and means by which you are unwilling even to save the state. And this, we think, is the glory of the whole Italian episode. That there was treachery and assassination and unnecessary violence cannot be denied; but that the whole struggle, so far at least as Rome and Venice are concerned, was conducted with farsighted magnanimity cannot be denied either—least of all by anyone who reads Mr. Trevelyan's books. Venice and Rome are, of course, only skirmishes in the long warfare against Austrian and Papal domination, but, as Mr. Trevelyan points out, they are typical and therefore highly illuminating. It is absurd to speak of experiments like these as failures unqualified. For the moment they failed, but men's hopes did not fail, and all the devotion, the sacrifice, the wisdom learned from defeat only served to fertilize the soil out of which a united Italy was to spring.

Mr. Trevelyan calls Manin "the greatest and noblest of the Italian statesmen" of '48, for certainly neither Garibaldi nor Mazzini was in the strict sense a statesman—what the Italians call *uomo di governo.* His career, while it was full of dramatic moments, was, after all, the career of a man born to rule from a desk, not to lead armies, or to dream in exile. And the revolution of which he was the central figure was what may be called an administrative revolution. It was, in Burke's phrase, a revolution not made but prevented, in the sense that it was all but bloodless. Manin was born in the same year as Disraeli, of a Jewish father and a Paduan mother, and his parents were never married. All his life he was virtually an invalid, though his spirit carried him through amazing hardships; and there are few incidents in the whole story more striking than that of Manin, utterly exhausted from three nights and days without sleep, falling upon his bed at the very moment of victory, and being roused an hour later by his followers to utter in the square of St. Mark these heart-stirring words:

> We are free, and we have a double right to boast of it because we have become free without shedding a drop of blood, either our own or our brothers', for I call all men brothers. . . . We will form one of those centers which must bring about the gradual fusion of Italy into one. "Viva la Repubblica! Viva la Libertà! Viva San Marco!"

And the method of this all but bloodless revolution, a revolution without political wrangling or spying or bomb-throwing, was that implied in its motto: "Let us conspire in the face of day." But this daylight conspiracy had landed Manin, no less, in the prison of the Bridge of Sighs, from which, at the right moment, he was released by his friends, to proclaim the republic in the square of St. Mark.

But this was only the beginning, not the end. Human nature was bound to do its perfect work, and the later history of the republic is the story of the blundering, the cross purposes, the suspicion, the failure to strike at the right moment that seem to be inevitable in such affairs. The fault was not Manin's. It was the fault of his helpers, the fault of his rivals, the fault of his allies; it was the fault of the hour, which had not yet struck. Until at last, Venice was left alone to face her foes. Charles Albert was defeated and had abdicated. The republic of Garibaldi and Mazzini had fallen. All the Veneto was in the hands of Austria. For four months the city was bombarded by Austrian guns, and finally, on August 27, 1849, after incredible sufferings and a high-mindedness and bravery equally incredible, the city capitulated, and Manin went into exile forever.

Manin was not faultless. He was a man of one idea; he was impatient of cooperation, except on his own terms. Like many another great leader, he was convinced that he could save his country and that no other could. But other hands had to complete his work, and to complete it in a direction that he himself had not at first conceived. Yet from his exile in Paris he hailed from afar the new Italy of Victor Emmanuel and Cavour, with these words addressed to the House of Savoy: "Make Italy, and I am with you." He died while Italy was still in the making, but he lies in the Venice that he more than any other man helped to redeem.

CHARLES H. WAGER

## José Rizal

*The Hero of the Filipinos.* By Charles E. Russell and E. B. Rodriguez. Century Company. $3.

CHARLES E. RUSSELL and E. B. Rodriguez have written the first comprehensive book on José Rizal, the national hero of the Philippines. They frankly state that they lay claim to no newly discovered materials and that they use simply the data already unearthed by other writers, especially by Rizal's other biographers, Wenceslao Retana, a Spaniard ("Vida y Escritos del Dr. José Rizal," Madrid, 1907), and Austin Craig, an American ("Lineage, Life and Labors of José Rizal," Manila, 1913). Neither of these works is available in America, as Mr. Russell has said; he might have added, neither is really satisfactory. Retana is too bulky, is not fit for general reading, and has never been translated into English. It is highly controversial in that it endeavors to prove that Rizal was never a separatist, that he loved Spain as much as a Spaniard could, and that his sole objection was addressed to the friars. Austin Craig has spent many years on Rizal, but he has added very little of value to what Retana tells us, and in many instances his treatment is not as soundly critical as Retana's. Neither of them has put the proper emphasis on the value of Rizal as the real founder of Philippine nationalism. To do that it is not enough to know the life of Rizal alone. One must visualize the history of the Filipinos, a people which "existed" through centuries of political stagnation, oppressed by the government and the friars, kept in ignorance and deprived of constitutional liberty, yet naturally intelligent and unfettered by traditions of royalty and hereditary chieftainship—a potential democracy. One must visualize the efforts of the leaders to uplift their people, especially the rise of that great leader who towered over them all because of his intellect, his recognized ability in many

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lines of human activity, his lofty character, and the supreme devotion to his country which ended in his own death—José Rizal. The life of Rizal must be, in a certain sense, a dramatization of the life of the people. This Mr. Russell has succeeded in making it to a far greater extent than any of the other biographers.

His interpretation of Rizal's literary and scientific works is excellent. He unfolds to us with feeling and understanding Rizal's complex soul: artist, patriot, scientist, philosopher. Perhaps that has been overdone.

> He was one of the greatest ophthalmologists of his time; he was a great ethnologist, anthropologist, biologist, zoologist, linguist; he was sculptor, painter, illustrator, poet, novelist, publicist, engineer, educator, reformer.

Yet, even if we should take away the overexuberant adjective which accompanies many of the above words, the fact that Rizal's mind could branch out into so many lines of activity makes him intellectually interesting. Certainly no one can gainsay that Rizal "had what is seldom found in the men we call great, a union of brilliant gifts and of lofty character." And in addition there stand his supreme devotion and his life sacrifice for his country.

His biographers, however, could have made Rizal more real if they had given due emphasis to some of his human weaknesses, such as his sensitiveness to criticism and his lack of demonstrated ability to lead and organize men. Also, I feel that, in dealing with Rizal's contemporaries, Messrs. Russell and Rodriguez have not done justice to the real propagandist in Madrid and the recognized leader of the Filipinos in that colony, Marcelo del Pilar.

MAXIMO M. KALAW

## A History of Democracy

*The Irresistible Movement of Democracy.* By John Simpson Penman. The Macmillan Company. $5.

DEMOCRACY as a fixed form or a dogmatic definition has lost its attraction for thinking people. Life is expressed in movement, and democracy as a living social force is fittingly conceived by Mr. Penman as a series of social movements which noticeably diverge from the established order after the middle of the eighteenth century in England, France, and America. The immediate political aim of this movement was the establishment of "a form of government based upon the popular will as expressed in universal suffrage." But this could not exhaust its possibilities, as Mr. Penman makes clear. To those who at various times have resisted that movement it has been obvious that the democratic spirit would ultimately lay rough hands upon property, social privilege, religion, art, and literature. So that democracy and conservatism "have always been at daggers-drawing, and one another clapper-clawing."

The crucial test for democracy's supporters comes with revolution, which is the crisis in a series of social changes when it becomes evident that the social forces have outgrown the fixed forms or institutions of society. Under the impact of these developing forces institutions decompose and make way for new structures, which are subject in turn to the ever-recurrent cycle of social forces. Therefore an exposition of democracy in terms of history and matter of fact is more likely to prove fruitful than an exposition in terms of mere theory.

Mr. Penman makes no new contribution to democratic theory: his book is substantially a political history of the three national revolutions whereby the modern democratic forces were first liberated and later institutionalized in new forms. The American, the French, and the English revolutions—the first two involving bloodshed—are followed out to their constitutional and civil results in the collective life and thought of these three nations which have fertilized the rest of the modern world. Under Mr. Penman's hand history lives and has meaning. He brings democracy down to date and concludes with a warning: "Democracy stands at the crisis of its history. The times themselves are critical, and the future of society hangs in the balance between a movement toward socialism and a development of the principles of democracy." This volume will help the thoughtful citizen to make his choice.

HUBERT HARRISON

## The American Scene

*The Green Bay Tree.* By Louis Bromfield. Frederick H. Stokes and Company. $2.

THE sense of life is in this book. It arouses the same sort of blissful expectation with which, when we were young, we used to cross the frontier into Thackeray's or Dickens's or George Eliot's country. This writer, too, sees a world crowded with vivid faces.

He has set his drama of the unlike and mutually destructive Shane sisters, the religieuse Irene, and the beautiful, audacious, kind Lily, against the smoky and pregnant background of the industrial struggle in a Middle Western town which has changed in the lifetime of Julie Shane from a pioneering outpost to an industrial city. He is only a little less interested, it appears, in social history than in the diverse fates of individual souls. That is to say that his equipment as a novelist is unusually happy. Definitely he has essayed the American scene, so poor as yet in chroniclers.

It would be extraordinary if his success were complete, since a given scene becomes material for art only by slow degrees, it would seem, and after many hands have tried it. And Mr. Bromfield has attempted the large canvas indicated before completely divesting himself of the traces of the amateur. "All the while," for instance, does yeoman service when it is needed to complete a rhythm. "The girl said nothing but kept her eyes cast down, fingering all the while the carving on the arm of her rosewood chair"; "By now Irene was sobbing hysterically, clinging all the while to the hand of her mother." But instead of carping one is disposed to rejoice that here is a potential artist in prose who knows that his sentences have rhythm and is concerned to make their rhythm fit his object.

Similarly the orchestration furnished to the main theme by the industrial struggle is adapted with perhaps too neat a sense of its aesthetic possibilities, recalling, at the worst, the musical accompaniment to tragedy in the movies. But again it is possible to count on the fingers of one hand all the contemporary novelists who sense at all a gathering social conflict.

And Mr. Bromfield is far from being an amateur or a sentimentalist in his understanding of people. His sympathies are wide-ranging, embracing equally Lily and the labor leader Krylenko, Hattie Tolliver of the Western border and her daughter Ellen, the virtuoso. Even with Irene he does not yield to the temptation of inventing a scarecrow in order to take pot-shots at his pet aversions.

I do not believe it typical of the alignment in the present industrial struggle to find the "old families" on the side of labor. Julie, Irene, and Lily Shane, unlike as they are in other respects, all instinctively sympathize with labor in its struggle against the new industrial magnates. Rather, in the rare instances in which a member of the local aristocracy aids or abets or even attempts a temperate interpretation of the antics of the "workingmen," he is felt to have betrayed his caste, than which there is of course no greater apostasy.

To this it must be added that the theme of Mr. Bromfield's personal drama, while possibly significant in itself, is not significantly handled. Warped—it would be more exact to say perverted, were it not that the usual significance of the word is so contrary—by her convent inculcations as to the corruption of sex, Irene is made hysterical by the discovery of her sister's unconventional morals. Lily has a flair for life, and no fear of what others may think about her. When she is passing

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middle age she concludes reluctantly that no individual can flout the moralities by which others live without running the danger of working the damage upon some sensitive and ignorant spirit which she unwillingly worked on Irene. But before she reaches this possibly stultifying conclusion she and those to whom she has given her love have flourished like the green bay tree.

I have said that this theme is without great significance. Possibly this is because coincidently with its development, characters and scenes grow somewhat shadowy and attenuated. Never again does Mr. Bromfield quite attain the vivid charm of his opening chapters, and he is happier in America than in Paris. Or possibly it is because Irene's tragedy, while doubtless of actual occurrence all too many times, arose from so artificial and perverted a view of life that its significance is flimsy. Perhaps the potentialities of this particular theme are not great. So one concludes, searching for the reason why this particularly promising book falls short, only to remember that any theme may be great and that the apparently haphazard tale of any twenty-four hours of any man's life may turn out a "Ulysses," given ten years' devoted work and a touch of mad genius. And, when all is said, this is emphatically a book to enjoy, and to keep close at hand, hoping meantime for a successor.

ALICE BEAL PARSONS

## Daumier

*Daumier.* By Raymond Escholier. Paris: Floury. 75 francs.

DURING the last thirty years interest in Daumier has gradually grown. It was in 1888 that Arsène Alexandre established the foundations of the artist's fame. And since the publication of his comprehensive monograph other Daumier studies have appeared, especially in France, England, Germany, and America. While the French appreciations left little to be desired in textual exposition, they did not, like those issued abroad, contain abundant plates. Yet for such a subject illustrations are obviously indispensable. Hence the need for Raymond Escholier's admirable volume with its scores of magnificent reproductions, many of them in colors. Unfortunately the author did not indicate whether each work reproduced was a lithograph, a painting, a water-color, or a drawing.

Honoré Daumier (1808-1879) was the son of a glazier-poet. From childhood passionately fond of art and liberty, he naturally joined the dual revolt against oppression and trite classicism. At twenty-three the young artist revealed his talent in *La Caricature*, a periodical including among its promoters Charles Philipon, Balzac, Raffet, Courbet, Grandville, Decamps, Traviès, and Monnier. This group heaped upon the July Monarchy scorn and ridicule. Particularly effective were the shafts of Daumier, who pitilessly lashed Louis Philippe, his ministers, the judiciary, members of Parliament, of the clergy and the self-satisfied bourgeoisie. Not since Rabelais has a satirist dealt the French judiciary blows so grievous. Excellent, too, are Daumier's symbolic personages, Macaire and Ratapoil. As is well known, "Gargantua," his blunt thrust at Louis Philippe, cost him six months' imprisonment.

Notwithstanding the strict political censorship during the Second Empire, Daumier produced a work varying greatly in theme and quality. In the field of social humor he still retained supremacy. But if we except his studies in Cervantes and Molière, his scenes from antiquity and classic literature are more trivial than M. Escholier seems to have realized. For while the humorist sought only to discredit spurious classicism, his bourgeois in the guise of antique divinities and heroes were frequently mediocre. These themes, even in caricature, required a certain distinction. Owing to the limited demand for caricature after the coup d'etat, Daumier turned to oil painting, the dream of his life. But as this aspect of his work long remained unappreciated at home, his best pictures were mostly purchased at trifling prices by foreign amateurs. It is true that the French, who gradually came to regret their mistake, have latterly done much to make honorable amends. Arsène Alexandre early declared that, save for his bread-winning hackwork in lithography, Daumier would have been a great painter. And the revision of opinion thus started has gone so far that recent critics proclaim Daumier a master of painting despite his four thousand lithographs. Such contemporaries as Delacroix, Corot, and Rousseau esteemed his talent for the brush.

M. Escholier regards Daumier as distinctly a romanticist. To be sure, the famous satirist did ridicule pseudo literary classicism no less than feeble imitations of David's paintings. And being an ardent champion of liberty, he instinctively frowned upon hampering restrictions in aesthetics. But such romantic tendencies, noticeable chiefly in his early career and in his treatment of antiquity, affected very little the expression of his art. His bourgeois temperament—for after all he was essentially a bourgeois—either rejected or dismissed as impossible the fantastic conceptions of romanticism. Rather was Daumier a realist, one of the precursors of naturalism. As caricaturist he exhibits in more artistic form the better qualities of his predecessors. While he was endowed with no supremely original vision, his work covers almost the entire scope of the human comedy. And partly to his influence should be attributed the present florescence of pictorial humor in France.

WILLIAM H. SCHEIFLEY

## Acorns

*Copy 1924.* Columbia University Press. $1.75.

LITERARY beginnings still in the seedling stage are one of the natural, elementary processes of growth which are supposed to be profoundly interesting and significant to the layman.

No apology is due the general public, therefore, by the Columbia University Press and Frank Allen Patterson, Associate Professor of English in Columbia University, for editing and publishing "Copy," a volume selected from the published work of students who have taken special extension courses in writing at Columbia. It is not immediately apparent, however, whether readers generally will find cohesion enough in this mixed book of stories, plays, poetry, and essays, to catch the drift either of Columbia's methods of teaching writing or of the individual authors themselves. But perhaps my apprehensions regarding the casual miscellaneousness of the contents are not justified. The preface promises entertainment and instruction; if it is the reader who is to be entertained, and the authors instructed, the variety of "Copy" is an added advantage.

"Copy" solicits stricter attention than the ubiquitous undergraduate volumes. It is the work of twenty-three mature students, several of whom have already published books of their own. For the most part, these writers have energy and honesty as their conspicuous merits. Most of them do not cater to the ancient editorial formulas for popular success, preferring to communicate their own facts of imagination and understanding with freshness and what natural grace and verisimilitude they can. The preface announces a noble purpose toward the student writers, "to convince them that artistic values are the only objects worthy of their consideration." They have, accordingly, wrought bravely in the spirit of Thoreau's program, "to drive life into a corner, and reduce it to its lowest terms."

The book's high-water mark is "Lion's Courage," a short story by a young Scotsman, G. B. Mackenzie. It is a notably neat and acute episode, a veritable map of timid and mediocre humanity, drawn with pity as well as shrewdness and irony. And so, if Mr. Mackenzie, or Miss Yezierska, or Mr. Habberstad, or any other of the twenty-three continues to observe and think and feel and write, avoiding conscientiously what is merely curious, accidental, circumstantial in life and conduct and character, "Copy" may achieve an unsuspected consequence in illustrating the homely apothegm that great oaks from little acorns grow.

GERALD HEWES CARSON

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# Musicians Militant

By HENRIETTA STRAUS

*London, June 20*

THE British women have again taken up the cudgels for suffrage, only this time in musical fields. For one thing, they refuse to submit any longer to being barred, both as players and conductors, from all symphonic activities. And so, applying the lesson learned from political victories, they have begun to fight prejudice with action, as being more potent than logic. The situation is indeed even more absurd, if possible, there than here. Not only have women in England as in America long had recognition as instrumental virtuosi, but there they have, in addition, a very definite record as symphonic players, besides the indorsement, as such, of England's most distinguished conductor, Sir Henry Woods. Moreover, it was Sir Henry who gave them their first big opportunity, for during the war he admitted them to the ranks of his Queen's Hall Orchestra, in which he has kept them ever since. He claims that they have improved the tonal quality of the strings, that they are conscientious and reliable, and that the men play the better for the competition.

In spite of such eminent testimony, however, the Queen's Hall Orchestra remains solitary, among similar London symphonic organizations, in its friendliness toward women orchestral players. Apparently the very ability of the latter has been their undoing, for it was because Sir Henry refused to dismiss them, after the war, from his orchestra that the men closed their musical unions to all women musicians. And it was in consequence of this last action that the women, thoroughly exasperated, formed not only a musical union of their own, but a complete symphony orchestra as well, with a woman, Miss Gwynne Kimpton, as its conductor.

This British Women's Symphony Orchestra, as it calls itself, is a cooperative organization, numbering about sixty members in all. It is managed by a committee of direction of the members, and its aims are "to give regular concerts in London, to work up a repertoire of all the best music, classical and modern, to take engagements for opera, oratorios, festivals, schools, open-air plays, etc., and to develop a scheme of co-operative concerts whereby solo artists may be enabled to give concerts on cooperative terms, sharing risk and profits, instead of, as at present, being obliged to engage both hall and orchestra and to accept the entire risk."

Miss Kimpton, the conductor, is an ensemble player of great experience, and is reputed to be able to play any instrument in the orchestra. She is an authority on quartet playing and its traditions, and is still the moving spirit of the Strings Club, which she founded in 1902, and which encourages, as its name implies, the study of chamber music. The greater part of her career, however, seems to have been devoted to orchestral playing, training, and conducting. During the war she founded the London Amateurs' Orchestra which still exists; in Kent she conducts the Bromley and Chislehurst Orchestral Society; she has started any number of students' orchestras in girls' high schools; and she has done pioneer work in London in giving "orchestral concerts for young people."

The great problem, of course, in presenting a complete women's symphony orchestra was to find sufficient brasses and winds. These choirs have hitherto been in undisputed possession of the male, doubtless by divine right of stronger diaphragms. And, according to Miss Kimpton herself, there are only four women horn players in England. Fortunately, the demand had long been foreseen by such courageous musicians as Mrs. Julian Marshall, Miss Rosabel Watson, and others who, in the face of bitter opposition, have been laboring for years to train girls as players of brass and wood-wind instruments. And it is undoubtedly due to these pioneer spirits that the British Women's Symphony Orchestra, sponsored by the British Women's Patriotic League, and under the immediate patronage of the Queen, was able to make its bow to the public on April 3 at Queen's Hall. To the surprise, and, perhaps, secret disappointment of the many males gathered in the audience, it was feminine to the last trombone. Only a tuba, I believe, was missing. And the consensus of the press was that "without any concessions to gallantry" the new organization "achieved a remarkable measure of success." From all accounts the strings were especially fine, in tone, phrasing, precision, and attack; the wood winds at least attracted no criticism; and the brasses, while "yet to find themselves," did very much better than was expected of them. All the soloists were women, including Lady Maud Warrender, who is chairman of the orchestra's committee and the most distinguished amateur singer in England. Also, two women were represented on the program—Dorothy Howell, who played some piano solos of her own, and Dame Ethel Smyth, who conducted an excerpt from her own opera, "The Wreckers."

Most appropriately, also, it must be admitted, Dame Ethel was chosen to make the speech for this occasion, for no one has championed the rights of women musicians more openly or more militantly than this eminent English composer in her recent article called A Burning of Boats. Indeed, perhaps no musician ever defied the critics so boldly as she did in this same article, which came out in the February issue of the London *Mercury*. In it she charges that the inferior position which women hold in *all* the creative arts except literature is the result of masculine conspiracy rather than of masculine superiority. She complains bitterly, if humorously, of the belittling effect of always being labeled a "*lady* composer." And she passionately cites as a discriminatory case her own "Mass," which, although it won immediate recognition, has been performed only twice in thirty-one years—the first time, thirty-one years ago, and the second, this past March, 1924. One result of this article was the following letter from Bernard Shaw, which I am printing with her permission:

> Dear Dame Ethel [it runs], Thank you for bullying me into going to hear that "Mass." The originality and beauty of the voice parts are as striking today as they were 30 years ago, and the rest will stand up in the biggest company. Magnificent!
>
> You are totally and diametrically wrong in imagining that you have suffered from a prejudice against feminine music. On the contrary, you have been almost extinguished by the dread of masculine music. It was your music that cured me forever of the old delusion that women could not do men's work in art and other things; (it was years ago when I knew nothing about you, and heard an overture—"The Wreckers," or something—in which you kicked a big orchestra all round the platform). But for you I might not have been able to tackle "Saint Joan," who has floored every previous playwright. Your music is more masculine than Handel.
>
> When have the critics and the public ever objected to feminine music? . . . Can you name a more ladylike composer than the beloved and much imitated Mendelssohn? Does the very jolly sugarstick called "A German Requiem" take you in because Brahms dabbed a little black on it and wrapped it up in crape?
>
> You scorned sugar and sentimentality; you were exuberantly ferocious. . . . And now you say we shrank from you because you were "only a woman"!
>
> Good God!
>
> Yours, dear big brother,
>
> G. BERNARD SHAW

But in spite of this eloquent combination of defense, encouragement, and wit, the detested "label" still sticks! As for women orchestral players in our own country we find an exception made in favor of "lady" harpists—though the reason why has never been explained. It is not, however, a concession from which to derive much hope, as our British sisters have already proved that "a little leaven" does not always "leaven the whole."

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# International Relations Section

## Leon Trotzky—Down but Not Out

By LOUIS FISCHER

*Moscow, June 1, 1924*

THE very conference of the Russian Communist Party (May 24-31) which passed a unanimous vote of confidence in its Central Committee and thus apparently proved the complete collapse of the Trotzky opposition to that committee was in effect a triumph for Trotzky.

The conference bruskly brushed Karl Radek aside with a resolution of censure for his "Right tendencies" during the threatened German revolution of last summer—he is probably eliminated from public life as a result—but Trotzky, who had been accused of worse tendencies, of "petty-bourgeois tendencies," was the recipient of any number of compliments and acts of obeisance on the part of the conference. The Central Committee or Ceca (not the Cheka) could have applied the ax to Trotzky as easily as it did to Radek, for during the period between the feverish Ceca *vs.* Opposition discussion in the winter and the opening of the present thirteenth annual conference the Ceca majority had silenced the Opposition minority and driven it under cover with measures as effective as those of the most efficient steam-roller that functions in American political life. Trotzky himself was not even a delegate. Yet he must have felt that the conference threw the limelight on his great influence and power.

In January Moscow was a hotbed of opposition. Many of the central commissariats were honeycombed with oppositionists. The university students and especially the students of the Sverdlov University (Sverdlovtsi) were almost unanimously with Trotzky. The army, so a resolution of the party meeting of January 18 reveals, was on the side of its commander-in-chief. Large groups of workingmen in Moscow and in the provinces were sympathetic to the Opposition's program. The Opposition had able leaders. Aside from Trotzky, who often, perhaps too often, stayed in the background without defining his policies any too clearly (at the conference he explained that this was due to his poor health), there were Ossinsky, for years a chronic oppositionist; Preobrazhensky, an able economist who had been associated with Bucharin as editor of the *Pravda* and as author of the "ABC of Communism"; Pyatikov, the chairman of the All-Russian Concessions Committee; Sapronov, a young workingman who had forged his way to the front ranks of the party; Antonov-Avsienko, a fiery, untamable revolutionary, and others.

Luck was with the Ceca machine directed by the Zinoviev-Stalin-Kamenev triumvirate when Trotzky was forced to retire to the Caucasus on account of illness. Ossinsky was kept in Stockholm as the Soviet trade representative, Preobrazhensky was shipped away to the Anglo-Russian conference in London, Sapronov was ordered to Vladivostok, and Antonov-Avsienko to China. Thus relieved of embarrassments, the Ceca proceeded to crush the rank and file of the Opposition. Faithful members of the Ceca were introduced into the army in Trotzky's absence and publicly criticized Trotzky's administration in the War Office. (Now Trotzky must work with a first assistant, whom he did not appoint and who has attacked him in the press.) At the same time Trotzky's protagonists were either transferred to distant posts as in the case of General Muralov of the Moscow garrison, or demoted to figurehead positions as in the case of General-in-Chief S. Kamenev, or summarily dismissed as in the case of Petrovsky, the Dr. Goldfarb of East Side fame.

The commissariats and the universities, particularly the Sverdlov University, were submitted to a rigorous cleansing. The spokesmen of the Ceca majority insisted at the conference that this was one of the regular cleansings of careerists and other undesirable elements which may enter the party from time to time. Nevertheless neither Stalin nor Zinoviev directly denied Preobrazhensky's charge that the cleansing was aimed primarily at the forces of the Opposition. The cleansing was carried out in Moscow and Leningrad, where the strength of the Opposition was likely to be greatest, and in Penza.

So thorough were these and other features of the anti-Opposition campaign that not even Trotzky or Preobrazhensky could get himself elected as a delegate to the conference. Trotzky participated only because he is a member of the Central Committee and Preobrazhensky, who came specially from London, was admitted as an economic expert.

Why, then, if the Opposition had ostensibly been robbed of every vestige of power within the party, was the Opposition issue raised at the conference—raised by the successful Ceca majority? Weeks before the conference it was clear to the Opposition that they were a beaten lot and that to precipitate a new discussion at this juncture would be sheer folly. Trotzky and Preobrazhensky probably had every intention of remaining passive observers of the proceedings. But Zinoviev could not let the matter rest. He invited the leaders of the Opposition to come up on the platform and declare that they had been wrong and the party right. (Krupskaia, Lenin's widow, was the only one who had the courage to criticize Zinoviev for provoking the debate. Life, she said, would prove who had been right.)

Zinoviev was undoubtedly moved by a consciousness of Trotzky's great strength. The lion had been wounded and was therefore more dangerous. Trotzky, he knew, was down but not out.

Trotzky stands head and shoulders in culture, mental stamina, and personality above Stalin and Kamenev, and miles above Zinoviev, whose four-hour opening report to the conference on Russia's international, internal, and intra-party situation was a fine example of voluble mediocrity. Trotzky is the most popular of the Bolshevik leaders. Even those with whom he has tilted lances realize that the Soviet regime could ill afford to lose his support. At the conference each member of the triumvirate in turn stated how anxious they were to work together with Trotzky, whom they had styled "petty bourgeois." Zinoviev went even further. "No one," he declared, "will remember 'The New Course' (a pamphlet in which Trotzky fiercely attacked the Ceca majority) if Trotzky does not insist on his evil ways. . . . We are prepared to make every manner of concession" to the leader of the defeated Opposition. A united party was bending the knee to one of its members.

Yaroslavsky gave Trotzky an advance promise that he would be reelected to the Central Committee. Subsequently Boris Souvarin of the Paris *Humanité* was granted the

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privilege of the floor. (He spoke French and Lunacharski translated.) He made one significant statement. "To the world proletariat (and he might have added to all sympathizers of Soviet Russia) Trotzky's name is synonymous with the revolution." The Ceca, no doubt, realized this truth. If, therefore, they could maneuver Trotzky into an admission of error they would weaken his position and strengthen their own.

Zinoviev was challenging him to say: "I was wrong; the party was right." But Trotzky could hardly confess himself mistaken in a struggle on which he had staked his career. His reply was the essence of tact. He knew he was facing a hostile audience. He had to steer clear of the rocks. It will be recalled that one of the most important planks in Trotzky's platform in the great discussion of last winter had been "party democracy." He had charged that the party machine was an unyielding bureaucracy. "The party," he had written in his "New Course," "lives on two floors. In the upper decisions are made. Those who live on the lower merely hear about these decisions." When he appeared before the conference, however, he chose to cite the criticisms of others rather than to make his own. He read from a speech of Bucharin, a member of the orthodox Ceca majority. Bucharin had said:

> I myself have appeared at any number of Moscow meetings and I know how the so-called deliberations in our party are conducted. Elections of the praesidium of the meeting: Some comrade from the district committee appears, reads a slate, and asks, "Who is opposed?" Nobody is opposed and the affair is closed. The praesidium has been elected unanimously.

Elsewhere Bucharin tells how secretaries of Communist groups are generally foisted on the members. Without consulting the group, the district committee presents a single candidate to the group and the usual election takes place. The meeting is asked, "Who is opposed?" and, says Bucharin, "since the members are more or less afraid to declare themselves opposed, it is understood that the suitable person has been elected secretary of the group." Thus Trotzky cleverly pleaded his case against bureaucracy and for democracy—for party democracy, it should be remembered, and not for what he calls the "margarine (Ersatz) democracy" of bourgeois countries.

During the now famous party controversy Trotzky and the Opposition had maintained that the new generation must be permitted gradually to replace the old Bolshevik guard, that this was the best guaranty against the complete bureaucratization of the party apparatus. He supported the same contention in his only address before the conference just concluded. He had also insisted that the Government's economic policy was planless and accidental. State capitalism, intricate as it must be, could not accomplish its purpose of eliminating overlapping competition and waste in industry unless it follows closely a detailed program of coordination. He has demanded more powers therefore for the Government Planning Commission (Gosplan). He repeated the same demand at the conference. In other words, Trotzky insisted that he and the Opposition had been right.

But Zinoviev had also challenged him to say whether in the discussion the party had been right or wrong. Of course, replied Trotzky with considerable sophistication, the party is always right. He recalled Commodore Decatur's and now the Chicago *Tribune's* motto "Our country, right or wrong," and declared that with much more justice he could say, "My party, right or wrong." (Trotzky's oppositional program may not have been petty bourgeois, but this sentiment certainly is. Stalin, and also Zinoviev, leaning as he invariably does on some statement of Lenin's, countered quite correctly that the party had been wrong in the past and could be wrong in the future.)

This, then, was the substance of the conference debate. The Ceca majority wanted Trotzky to haul down his flag and capitulate. Trotzky, master of tactics that he is, consolidated for himself a strategic position from which, if the opportunity presents itself, he may attack the Zinoviev-Stalin-Kamenev machine and the Ceca majority once more. Trotzky remains a member of the Central Committee, but unless all indications belie the facts he will not participate in the leadership of the party.

Is the Opposition dead? To judge from the circumstance that the 748 delegates were to a man supporters of the Ceca majority, the answer is in the affirmative. But the unanimity at the conference was admittedly machine-made. Yaroslavsky, secretary of the party's Central Control Commission, told the conference that "we must not hide the fact that we have within our ranks a choked and silenced Opposition. It exists in the university centers and waits for Trotzky's word." Trotzky's speech, he continued, had inspired the Opposition with the hope that he would some day gain control of the party. Yaroslavsky pointed out that if in the future there arose an economic situation as critical as the one of last July and August, which precipitated the whole party fight, no one could guarantee that the Opposition would not again make trouble. And Zinoviev, echoing this thought, demanded "assurances that difficulties which can certainly occur in the future will not be exploited to raise a new disturbance against the party."

At this point the few Oppositionists at the conference protested. There is no doubt that the Communists, be they with the Ceca or with the Opposition, are too well disciplined and too much interested in the welfare of their party to do it any harm. If there is a struggle it will take place within the party ranks and not outside of them. Those enemies of the revolution, from the Grand Duke Nicholas to the Mensheviks and Social Revolutionaries who saw in the appearance of the Opposition a sure sign of the crumbling of the red regime, are obviously misled by false hopes.

There is reason to believe that Yaroslavsky has diagnosed the situation correctly. Trotzky will bide his time until the circumstances warrant a new assault on the now impregnable position of the Ceca machine. It is easy to foresee another possibility. At the annual conference of the party a year ago Krassin advocated the recognition of foreign debts and greater concessions to foreign capitalists. He was called a Menshevik and excluded from the Central Committee. Now the Soviet Government is recognizing its debts; Krassin is again *persona grata*, and the present conference elected him to the Central Committee. Before a year will have passed the Ceca majority may also see the wisdom of Trotzky's program, and then, provided the personal animosities which the discussion has engendered will not have struck too deep a root, there may be peace in the ranks of the Russian Communist Party.

In the meanwhile Trotzky's position in the War Commissariat, where he has been surrounded by enemies, is embarrassing and almost untenable.

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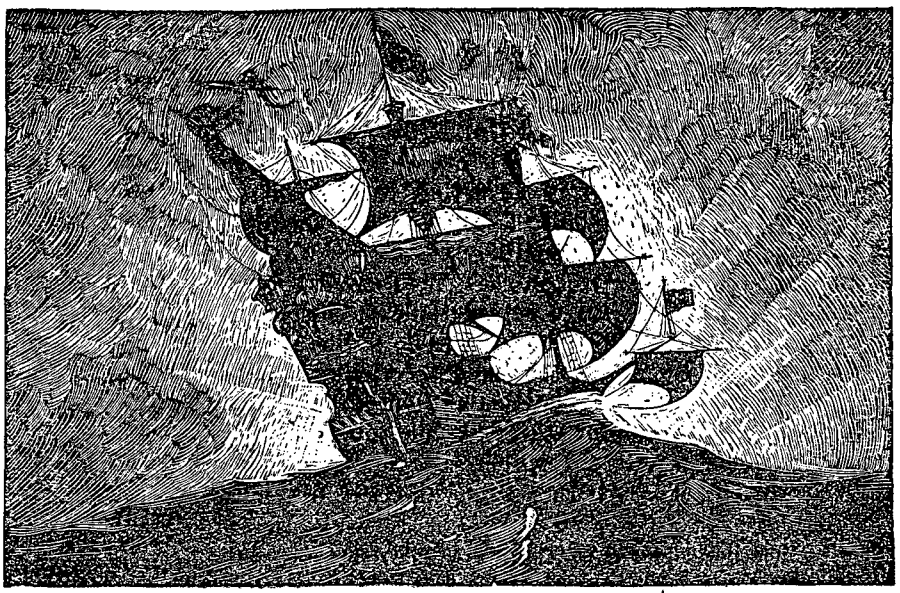

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# Private Trade in Soviet Russia

THE talk of French recognition of the Soviet Government elicited a new statement from Washington to the effect that such recognition by the United States could not be considered at present, especially since the Soviet Government had given evidence of reverting to the earlier methods of ruthless enforcement of Communist principles. In this connection the present attitude of the Soviet Government toward private merchants is cited as the most illuminating instance. Stories of persecutions and increased activities by the Cheka have been revived in the press; private traders are supposed to be the chief victims of the new terror. It is therefore of particular interest to reproduce here the resolution of the recent convention of the Russian Communist Party, in which the policies of the Soviet Government in regard to internal trade are laid down:

The further development of the state industries, as well as the establishment of an actual economic link between the city and country, demands that the party pay particular attention to the question of the exchange of goods within the country. . . .

Owing to the scattered character of the small peasant households it is for the time being inevitable that they should, to a considerable degree, be served by private trading machinery. However, depending on the system of nationalized industry and transport, on the state organization of credits, the monopoly of foreign trade, and the state organization of the wholesale trade, as well as on the growing system of cooperatives, the party must strive, in an increasing degree, to subordinate the whole process of marketing and distribution to the regulating influence of the state.

The degree in which the state accomplishes its regulating purpose in the market will be measured by its influence in the matter of regulating market prices.

In view of the fact that only the increasing development of trade will create a firm basis for the further growth of industries and the completion of the monetary reform, the convention acknowledges that the fundamental problem of the government in regard to trade at present must be the development of adequate distribution to the broad masses of consumers, particularly the peasants, by strengthening the position of the state's trading machinery and of the cooperatives.

*In this task of gaining control of the market no measures of administrative repression should be resorted to;* the method must consist in a strengthening of the economic position of state trade and of the cooperatives by concentrating in their hands the most of those products which are necessary for the mass of the population and in coordinating and regulating the activities of these organs.

The policy of lowering prices and securing the great peasant market for the state industries has so far justified itself. As a basis of this policy the needs of the market must be carefully studied and accounted for with the maximum degree of precision, and the satisfaction of these needs must be planned and prepared.

Only by following this policy will it become possible gradually to replace private trade machinery by state trade and cooperation.

In this connection it is, however, imperative to have in view that no measures should be adopted in relation to private trade which may lead toward the decrease or confusion of the general exchange of goods, since such measures would result not in positive but rather in negative consequences for the economic development of the USSR.

The convention indorses the reorganization of the Internal Trade Committee of the Council of Labor and Defense into a People's Commissariat for Internal Trade, and it considers that the main task of the commissariat is so to organize internal trade and so to regulate the activities of state trade and cooperation as to enable the latter to gain control of the market—in the first place to enable state capital to retain and further to increase the wholesale exchange of goods—and to achieve the actual control of the state over the activities of private capital.

For these purposes the People's Commissariat of Internal Trade must be empowered to regulate the whole internal trade, fix and enforce prices, and play a leading part in determining the trade policies of all organizations in which state capital is invested.

A special task of the commissariat is vigilantly to supervise the relations between state economic organizations and private capital in the field of internal trade, to organize such relations on bases profitable to the state and to oppose all attempts by private capital to injure the interests of the state industries and trade or those of the cooperatives, whether openly or by indirection (privileged credit conditions, privileged forms of settling accounts, etc.).

The policies of the credit institutions must be so directed as to strengthen systematically the position of the state and cooperative organizations in their struggle with private capital in the market. Special privileged credit conditions and support must be given the state trade organizations and cooperatives in the outlying districts, where they are waging a struggle against the usurious relations established by private trade capital.

An immediate task is to prepare to carry out the grain-storing campaign as well as the storing of other agricultural products and raw materials for the needs of industry. All leading economic institutions of the union and the State Planning Commission must immediately take up the problems involved in the storing of grain by the state and in preparing those goods which must be dumped on the peasant market in the autumn when the crops are gathered. . . . In so far as the forces of the state and cooperatives prove insufficient, recourse must be had to private trade machinery. But the Commissariat of Internal Trade must see to it that the role of the private capital is actually only that of an auxiliary to the machinery of the state industries and the state grain-storing organizations. . . .

## Contributors to This Issue

DOUGLAS FREEMAN is a Virginian by birth and parentage. He was educated at Richmond College and Johns Hopkins and has been active in State and national historical societies. He has been engaged in newspaper work in Virginia almost continuously since 1909 and is at present editor of the Richmond *News Leader*.

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